THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/poetrychieflyins02coupiala

POETRY

CHIEFLY IN THE

SCOTTISH LANGUAGE.

BY

ROBERT COUPER, M. D. &c.

. . . . . mortalia facta peribunt;
Nedum sermonum stet honos, & gratia, vivax.
Multa renascentur, quæ jam cecidere; cadentque,
Quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet usus,
Quem penes arbitrium est, & jus, & norma loquendi.

HORAT.

Flumina amem sylvasque inglorius.

VIRG.

VOL. II.

INVERNESS:
PRINTED BY J. YOUNG.

FOR VERNOR AND HOOD, 31, POULTRY,
LONDON.
1804.

PR
4518
C832A13
1814

CONTENTS,

TO

VOL. II.

Page.

An Address to the Highland Society, ... 9

War! War! 29

Kynophontis Macguldrochiana, ... 53

Benevolence to James R. Miller, Esq. 93

Queen Mary's Soliloquy, ... 107

Inchstevranna, ... 131

The Blue-Gown, ... 139

Kinrara, ... 147

Glenfiddich, ... 159

Blairnahoiskan, ... 171

The Despairing Lover, ... 187

868753

Page.

Castle Grant, ... 197

The Cummynge, ... 205

An Address to the Gout, ... 217

To Paulo, ... 231

Odes and Songs, ... 239

Glossary, ... 271

AN ADDRESS

TO THE

HIGHLAND SOCIETY.

AN ADDRESS

TO THE

HIGHLAND SOCIETY.

HAIL, Scottish Patriots! hail ye a',
Frae Johnny Groats to London wa',
Proud on my pinion wad I bla',
Your horn o' fame;
Frae Indus' suns to Zembla's sna',
Great be your name!

Ye raise a glorious, greedless, band,
Whan languor, thriftless, chill'd the land,
And poortith spread her shrivell'd hand,
Oure hill and dale;
And faction's darkling, ruthless, brand,
Made mony pale.

Ye raise, girt for your country's weal,
To Prince and People kind and leal,
To largely see, to deeply feel,
In kindest mood;
To put your finger to the seal,
O' millions' good!

Ye're nae that noisy, troubl'd, gang,
Wha yelp sae loud, and yowl sae lang,
About their ruin'd country's wrang,
And waefu' plight,
A weel claw'd luif whishts the harangue;
Syne a' is right.

Ye're nae that glowring, gabbling, crew,
Who cant o' states, and statesmen too,
And pierce a' Europe at ae view:
Oigh! Oigh! ye're deep!
A cat at Potsdam canna mew,
But mars your sleep.

Ev'n Monsieur lets some things alane;
Our statesman peeps in ilka bane;
A neighbour sets his plough aga'en—
He'll space the riggs;
And he maun chap on ilka stane,
His neighbour biggs.

Ware twa drunk skippers at their prog,
In some man-rotting India bog,
To quarrel oure meridian grog,
Ten envoys gallop;
And haf the warld gets a shog,
Wi' this state-wallop.

Let thae themsells, and siklike vex,
And graine the warld to perplex;
God rattons sends amang our sacks,
Sik things maun be;
Praise frae sik gentles never decks
My muse or me.

Nor praise I them—we start and stare
At ae-fauld lip, and manners rare,
The man erect his bosom bare,
In honest pride—
O Addington! how cam ye there—
Lang may ye bide!

Yoursell an host—truth wings your tale,
Frae Amiens' peace, to penny ale;
Mild virtue sometimes will prevail;
But look around,
An honest footstep soon may fail,
On sikken ground.

Thee would I praise—but you, a band,
Whase hearts spread braid your mighty hand,
In comfort, oure a gratefu' land,
It's you I sing;
Wi' you, ye wise! I'd share command,
Ware I a king.

Wi' skill profound, great, ye extend
Your varied pow'r, your varied end;
Sweet promis'd bliss, whare, blythe, ye bend,
Lifts up its sound;
Whare'er your cheering smiles ye send,
It's holy ground.

Sweet on yon knowe, the farmer's ha',
Deck'd wi blue slates, the barn and a',
They bid the rain, the wind and sna'
Drive at their will;
He, honest carle, whiffs awa',
Or pries his mill.

Whare nature groan'd in deep despair,
See how his fields look rich and fair,
And pour their fragrance on the air,
'Twas you, ye men!
Your fost'ring hand shed plenty there,
Your voice its ken.

Whare want and wae blear'd the black hut,
See labour's bonny white-wash'd cott;
Stown frae the moor's yon green clad spot,
The bairnies care;
The parents smile on their new lot,
And bless you there.

Whare the deep moss, a growing ill,
Suck'd ilka water, spring, and rill,
And whare the heron's gowked bill,
Grip'd geds a plenty,
The gadsman whistles loud and shill,
'Mang knaps right benty.

And see the mighty mountain side,
Whare riv'n rocks on rocks did ride,
The forest young spreads green and wide,
And wi' its wings
Strives nature's ruins fast to hide—
A crown for kings.

O could a' kings see wi' your eyes,
The cottage in the desert rise,
They'd never blink oure unken'd skies,
For savage fame;
They'd clasp their country, and its ties,
And bide at hame.

Their people's blood wad nae mair gore,
The green grass o' a distant shore;
The gowd sae, spent, wad yellow o'er
Your Highland hills:
And, right, they needna steik the door,
On foreign ills.

But wha'd be canker'd wi' a king;
Wha is't that rusts the mighty spring,
That lifts to heav'n the human wing
And bids man crawl,
An insect vile, in the rude ring,
The wicked scrawl.

Aft maun he trust to ither's een,
To ither's hands, nae mighty clean,
And flatt'ry, ay, that witching quean,
Smirks near a throne;
Chiefs! tak good tent whare ye can lean,
Whan nations groan.

O try na, bauld, to bruise the mind,
To shape the soul to forms unkind;
The yoke ance fasten'd on the hind,
Creeps steady on;
Soon will't the highest, proudest, bind,
Syne what's a throne!

What is't—a wretched thing o' times,
Wi' follies gilt, and propt wi' crimes;
It's bloody hour dread story chimes—
The man revives;
New bodied virtue forms new climes,
And mankind thrives.

Sae the rare bird that soars sae high,
Years meet him on the westlin sky,
And chill his heart; nae mair he'll try,
His daring flight;
He cowrs his wing, and steiks his eye,
In deadly night.

Life's ember suffers unco throwes—
What will ye, weirdy time, disclose!
Wi' pale blue light it bursts and glows,
A flitting gleam;
A wizzard form right rapid grows,
Faint on the beam.

Frae the red eissels gradual springs,
The bird renew'd; young life he brings:
And, poising on his garish wings,
Baith braid and lang,
Strong up to heav'n he cheery sings,
His gratefu' sang.

Nae sae the throne o' Britain's isles,
By wisdom rear'd on natures piles,
And Britain's love; proud freedom smiles,
Bless'd, oure her plan;
And ilka ermin'd point beguiles,
The waes o' man.

Great, in the vast expanse thou stands,
The dread, the shame o' ither lands,
Around thy sons, proud, pour their bands,
And bid thee rise,
Deck'd by their love, strong by their hands,
Grand on the skies.

High oure a' nations be thou seen;
Lang be thou blest, as lang thou'st been,
Wi George's virtues, George's Queen—
Far be their hour!
It's nae thy purple fills their een,
Nor yet thy pow'r.

It's that blest charm which warms the mind,
And knits the heart to human kind,
Thou aids them there; loose on the wind
Their goodness flies,
And round thee strong thy graces bind,
Dear in their eyes.

On time's braid wing thou lifts them high,
A meteor on a dismal sky;
Princes admire—Ah! could they sigh,
And mark the throne,
Whare people's love, and prince's eye,
Twine fast the zone!

Thou'rt no—O no—a thing o' times,
Wi follies gilt, and propt wi crimes,
Joyous thou hears thy annal'd chimes,
Whare man revives,
And speeds thy blessings oure new lands,
Till mankind thrives.

Ye Patriots! ay we turn to you,
Pride o' the throne! wi' hearts right fu';
Your hands involve the mighty dew,
O' Scotland's pride;
Ye shed it pure and kindly too
Baith far and wide.

On your strong arm, O let us lean;
Let us ay ha'e your fost'ring een;
And let na, as oure aft has been
Our fate to rue,
The trading statesman come atween
Your bairns and you.

Strong times ha'e flash'd red on our eyes;
Strong souls ha'e wander'd frae the skies;
A mighty period, bursting, flies,
And events dread,
Maun oure the vexed warld arise,
Wi' ruthless speed.

Or spring young joy, or gush the tear,
Ye, to your king, your country dear,
Support the man, dread his career,
Lang it may be,
Or ane like Addington appear,
To you and me.

Sae may ye, virtuous Patriots a',
Lang brook the hospitable ha',
And whan auld age begins to thra'
Your weak'ning stride,
On the gay sun-beam sail ye bra',
By Ossian's side.

WAR! WAR!

WAR! WAR!

Is that thy voice, ill-boding War!
Is that again thy flaming car;
Thy bloody banner waving far
The vex'd world o'er?
Red, red's its beam, yon angry star,
On Britain's shore.

Round and around the storm has play'd;
The pow'rs o' man ha'e been betrayed;
The murd'rous ensign proud display'd,
Whare right should charm:
Awhile the bloated brand was stay'd,
By Britain's arm.

O short's the hour o' velvet noon,
While Peace extends her bonny boon;
The olive withers wi' the moon—
What art thou, Man!
Can't ocean'd blood, frae Nimrod down,
Arrest thy han'?

It's nae lang syne—blest was the day—
The bloodless sun stream'd strong his ray;
The arrow's wing was clipp'd away,
Pride's bloody child;
The heart, new strung, renew'd its play,
And mankind smil'd.

Uprow'd the tide o' prosp'rous joy;
Light sung the vane-fann'd cabin boy;
The chieftain strode na to destroy,
Smooth was his cheek;
The weird hags nae mair employ
The cauldron's reek.

Now felt the bard his ancient fire;
The minstrel touch'd with flame the lyre,
Wisdom again sought to inspire
The thoughtless throng;
Religion trimm'd her rent attire,
And rais'd her song.

Then o'er the maiden's face sae clear,
The mother's cheek—forgotten fear—
Outsprang na mair the gushing tear,
When public joy,
Rung dreadfu' on the parent ear—
Safe was the boy.

The bustling town, the busy ha';
The prince sae pleas'd, the hind sae bra';
The air o' happiness o'er a'
Sat saft and mild;
And joy wi' zephyr wing did bla',
Sweet o'er the wild.

But O that day is overcast;
Fell War renews his dreadfu' blast;
The dark blue blade is girding fast,
On ilka side;
The sail swells on the bending mast,
Of Britain's pride.

War's savage son, in dread array,
Has mock'd the lang-wish'd halcyon day;
A trembling warld in mean dismay,
Shrink at his word;
In pride the scabbard's thrown away;
Red, red's his sword.

Foe to the happy, Britain! he
Vows fury's arm on man and thee;
Thy glories darken on his ee,
Thy parent pow'r;
The frenzy'd mortal does na see,
His fated hour.

Rise, warrior sons of Albion! rise;
Spread high your banners o'er the skies;
God gave the vast, the glorious prize,
Which made you men,
And doom'd it sacred in your eyes,
Till time shall en'.

Rise, gen'rous warriors! rise and shield,
Your virtuous throne, by flood and field,
Your laws which meikle blood has seal'd,
Your altars fair,
Your firesides, your youth, your eild,
Your love, your care!

It's no a frothy statesman's war,
Plung'd for a mistress or a star,
A plunder'd ship, or islet far,
Sits on your sword;
It's whether men like men shall dare,
Or brook a lord.

It's whether mad, bewilder'd, Gaul,
Led by her artfu', murd'rous, Baal,
Your bonny towns and tow'rs inthrall,
And burn your throne;
And clinch around ye, soul and all,
Her iron zone.

It's whether he, blind fortune's boy,
The treason's, poniard's, poison's, joy,
Who high heav'n suffers to destroy
The human race,
Shall deck you a Parisian toy,
High man's disgrace.

He, Bonaparte! nature's rod,
Like Satan and the throne of God,
He, envious, thirsts for freedom's blood,
In Britain's porch—
It's her last hold—he flames abroad,
The murd'rous torch.

Great in their proud, unenvy'd, pow'r,
Red wi' their country's, kindred's, gore,
His legions, savage, press the shore,
Wi' ruthless eyes;
Ye murd'rers! ye return no more,
Or virtue dies.

Rise, Albion's Warriors, rise and shield,
Your envy'd throne, by flood and field,
Your laws, which virtue's blood has seal'd,
Your altars fair;
Your firesides, your youth, your eild,
Your love, your care!

Erewhile the Gaul of freedom sung;
The welcome peal row'd sweet along;
Admiring nations echo rung,
Up heaven high;
But, O, the feeble anthem hung,
Sick on the sky.

He woo'd—he ken'd na the meek dame,
Her tender heart, her gentle frame;
Wild were his fancies, wild his flame,
Proud his demands;
He like a lawless spoiler came,
Wi' bloody hands.

He woo'd wi' heart sae proud, sae vain,
Unton'd wi' freedom's peacefu' reign;
He woo'd wi' mad distemper'd brain,
The heav'n born maid:
But black the heart, and foul the chain—
She fled dismay'd.

Since, like the demon downwards driv'n,
Forever thrust frae highest heav'n,
Despair th' infuriate wretch has riv'n;
He flounders round;
A while range to his rage is giv'n,
And syne he's bound.

Wi' savage heart, and ruthless hand,
Frae the Red sea, to Baltic's strand,
Each angry judgment o'er the land,
Far, braid, and wide,
He's pour'd; and loveless, fix'd the brand,
In freedom's side.

Affrighted Europe! sits thou down,
Wi' palsy'd armies, riv'n crown,
Wi' rotting manners, sunk renown,
Sick, sick's thy eye;
Thy strength crawls 'neath a tyrant's frown—
O Europe die!

Whare a' thy thrones o' high command,
Thy sceptres, and thy titles grand,
Thy soldier'd strength, and castl'd land,
Thy people strong;
A ruffian robber lifts the hand—
Ye're right, ye're wrong.

Still, Albion! in thy genial breeze,
Safe bulwark'd in thy roaring seas,
Thy native arm, thy freedom's bleeze,
Thy head thou rears;
Thou smiles at folly's mad decrees,
And a' her spears.

Thou scorns the dark-soul'd, frenzy'd slave,

Not like the man, but savage, brave;

He felt thy arm by Nile's red wave,

Wi' mad surprise;

And thou prepares yon wat'ry grave,

To close his eyes;

To check the madman's reckless rage;

To sweep his glories frae the stage;

To hide his cruel iron age;

Low in the deep;

And bid the monster and his page,

Forgotten sleep.

But whare thy glories, ruthless man!
Thy sword, unmeaning, over ran
Ill counsell'd states, thy treason'd plan;
They bled, they fell;
Thy country mourns thy rav'ning han',
Thy wizzard spell.

Thou cruel man! what's in thy ee;
What looks thou for frae man or me;
Whare dwells the blessing sent by thee,
Thou iron son!
If man could fall by thy decree—
His hour is run.

Thou, bloody wretch, born down wi' crimes,
Look'st pale at freedom's beauteous climes;
For her thou fought'st in happier times,
Pride turn'd thy sword—
Now, all that's vile thy soul begrimes,
Thou coward's lord!

Thou, sleepless monster! midnight's sound,
Hurls a' thy cups and daggers round,
Mourns freedom welt'ring on the ground,
In virtue's bow'r;
And tells thy gangren'd heart it's bound
By gold and pow'r.

But, O, when ghosts rise grim and grey,
Thy friends, thy foes, in dread array,
Ev'n thy black soul shrinks, shrinks, away,
Frae a' thy times;
Haggar'd and mad, thou meets the day,
Wi' gath'ring crimes.

And this is he, sons o' the Isle!
Who with his dark, malignant, smile,
Sham'd wi' the thunder's o' the Nile,
Looks o'er the deep;
Thy million'd hosts there, and thy toil,
There will ye sleep.

Rise then, ye sons of Albion! rise,
Dear in fair freedom's beaming eyes,
Wave braid her banner o'er the skies,
Proud be your bands!
O, listen to her sinking cries,
Frae distant lands.

Around your throne, sae lov'd, be strong;
Let ev'ry heart be stout, be young;
In pride roll the red war along,
Back to their shore—
God save the king—sweet be your song,
Your cannon's roar!

I see you, heroes o' the deep!
Wi' thunder's arm the ocean sweep;
The vaunting foe in thousands sleep,
Pale on their shore;
Daughters o' Gaul! lang will ye weep
The dreadfu' hour.

See a' our statesman, hand in hand,
Pour forth the wisdom o' the land;
See knowledg'd strength, nae rope o' sand,
Gaul's savage jeer;
See Addington a column stand,
To Britain dear!

Rise, heroes! rise, by worlds implor'd;
United counsels guide the sword;
The hours o' crafty, mean discord,
Is past and gone,
Nae mungrel, black-bon'd, selfish hord,
Twine round our throne.

One heart, one voice, one lifted hand,
Frae Thule to the Cornish strand,
Shew to the fiend an armed land,
To virtue dear;
On, Warriors! on, it's heav'ns command,
It's voice ye hear.

On, on; thy bruised breth'ren howl,
Beneath a wretch's angry growl,
The bliss o' man yearns his black soul,
Fool! is thy hand,
Left, thinkest thou, without controul,
To crush the land.

On, on, my Sons! fell vengeance wreak!
See, high o'er heav'n, the fav'ring streak!
And through—with curling, bloody, reek,
Sunk man's release—
The heart of Bonaparte seek
Freedom and Peace.

KYNOPHONTIS

MACGULDROCHIANA.

In Two Cantos,

MACGULDROCHIANA.

Canto First.

MACGULDROCH was his parent's son,
His parent's son was he;
He cam na to the warld unsought,
As Elspet whisper't she.

Three tomonths dark in durance close,
He kicked and he flang;
Whare ware ye, mighty Science, then,
Your son enthrall't sae lang?

Strange signs and wonders mark'd his birth,
About the forty five,
Whan heads o' lords and gentlemen,
Best on a spike could thrive.

His mither grain't—the auld black cat
Litter't a tappit hen,
Wi' yellow spurs lang on her heels,
And spruce she stappit ben:

A craw she ga'e sae waldritch wild,
Auld lucky in the neuk,
Bade the goodman put by his cap,
And haste and tak the beuk.

Auld Bawty too took in her head,
That she had wark hersell;
And ane and twenty spinnin' snails,
She whalp't at ilka yell.

Hawky ahint the hallan main't,
And routed aft and sair;
A main lang telescope she calf't,
And grane ga'e never mair.

The cock ga'e twa three dreadfu' skirls,
High frae his sooty trees;
The voice, congeal't, fell down a creel
O' bonny bread and cheese.

Auld grumphie ga'e grunts three or four,
And straightway stappit in
Sax bears, seven hureheons, and a mule,
To greet the babe within.

A wee bit mouse ran thort the floor,
Sair hostin' and sair sneezin',
Till up their came a microscope
Frae its bit strained wizzen.

It pranc't amang the bread and cheese,
And up their legs did speel;
Syne it, the auld cat, and the sow,
Sprang out, and took a reel.

A kail blade buried in the earth,
Raise and cam wablin' in,
Wi' ilka seed ripe on its ribs,
O' a' kail's kyth and kin.

Meg's rock shot up a laurel green,
Wi' sweetest flow'rs combin'd;
And up the cruick, and randale tree,
The bonny woodbin' twin'd.

Macguldroch press't wi' a' his might
To be amang the lave;
Thrice peep't the sun, and thrice withdrew,
Till Mac gat time to shave.

Ye're welcome, Mac! hech, sik a babe!
His teeth were lang and foul;
Ane wad ha'e sworn, for lack o' food,
H' had eaten haf his soul.

His bonny, various, yeelin' frien's
Cam a' in bourrochs there;
He clap't the head, he stroak't the birse,
The mousie and the bear.

Macguldroch blink't wi sapient ee;
The wives yeisk and adore;
Daft Madge swears that the loon was born,
At least ten times afore.

Tibb snyted Madge's muckle nizz,
Till out the purple sprang;
Macguldroch straight forbade the pley,
And ga'e them a' a sang.

He grew—the great Macguldroch grew,
On butter'd baps and ale;
But strange, wi' a' his perfect gear,
He grew without a tail.

Strong wax'd he in the path o' lear;
What night did hear him snore—
And he could count a million lang
Or Tam could count a score.

He ken't the sun weel frae the moon,
The starns he tied in dizzens,
The turnip frae the cabbage ken't
The peacoks frae the pheasants.

He saw whan wind and rain wad come;
He made a braw check-reel,
On twa trumps bonnily he play'd;
Fouk thought he was the de'il.

Ae night whan sweepin' round the heav'ns,
Wi telescope sae lang,
He saw Mars dance the highland fling,
While Venus leugh and sang.

Ahint a bush he in the moon
Descried a lovin' pair;
Nae bonny lass cam near his cleucks
For aughteen months and mair.

Auld Saturn's beard, sair overgrown,
Twa satillites were clippin';
The draps, like Mont-Blanç, frae his niz
Fell on their fingers nippin'.

He saw a routh o' comrades auld,
In Berenice's hair;
And mony a linsey-wonsey clout,
On Cassiopcia's chair.

Ae day he saw, the car whirl't on,
The sun tak snuff and dine;
A comet brought a roasted earth,
And mony a sea of wine.

Wi' th' axle o' an auld broil't moon
He pick't his teeth, and then
Took t'other pinch, ilk knot that fell
Whirl't round a starn again.

He shot a shot frae auld Monsmeg
Wi elevation pure;
The ball ca'd oure three four bit starns,
And dang Pekin in stour.

He writ a beuk as big's himsell,
Ay and as Euclid clear,
That whan the razor raz'd the beard,
It never touch't the hair.

Sik routh o' lear!—far far his fame,
And mony glories flew;
And high amang the sons o' men,
His bonny fortunes grew.

A gentleman wi' riches blest,
Ga'e him baith meat and claes,
And siller routh, to herd the skies,
And twa three brockit fleas.

And whan the host of heav'n gaed right,
He ay might peepin' be,
To see gin loons slept oure their wark,
Or lassies stealt the tea.

Oure flowin' knowledge, deepest lear,
He at the table shed;
His lifted arm a system stout,
Or sappy haggies bled.

Ae day, haf choak't on fattest tripe,
He bade the Laird perpend,
And he wad shaw him tripes and heels,
Ay to the warld's end.

In bits, like polyps, a huge whang
He cut, sair screw't his mou',
Syne wi' sax whistles, and sev'n f—ts,
Ilk bit trots forth a cow.

Neist twal rams-horns, wild-crook't and rough,
Which Johnny Armstrong sta',
And which for mony a mony year,
Hang on the reeky wa';

He on the table Galvanis't,
Ilk horn took its place;
Dread was the fecht—like has na been
Since days o' Chevy Chace.

An aiken chair baith auld and frail,
And rheumatis't right lang,
He Perkin't, till it took the floor,
And lap, and danc't, and sang.

Wi' Franklin's kite, the fient a cloud,
He left a spark within,
And wi' them, vessels nae ouresweet,
Wi' phosph'rus made him blin'.

He Rumfordis't, wi' mukle joy,
Whare ane his skill wad thole,
And spoil't the broth, the beef, and a',
To save a curn o' coal.

He too wad prie the drunken air—
Black was the day I trow;
For that-day-nine-month Jenny's back
Was writhin' like a screw.

Whan frae the eard he upward lift,
His saincted Sunday's ee,
Drumfarline ne'er shaw'd sik a face,
As did Macguldroch he.

He spavy'd back and fore the room,
And grain'd and goggl'd sair—
"Whare now's the horse shoe I brang hame"—
He vow'd revenge and mair.

Down Flavel comes frae stoury skelf,
Wi's middins spritualis'd.
And Bunyan's louping-on-stane too,
Whilk dreich-a—s'd christians heez'd;

And nineteen points, o' gospel whang,
To tie believers breeks;
And Sathan's warld invisible,
He apens and he steeks;

Rough ballads, runkl'd sair, peep'd out,
Amang the beuks sae bra';
Ah! Sathan, bide ye, Guldroch's cleuks
Your haffits weel will claw.

Out oure them a' he cast his ee,
His rullion-hand he spread,
And thumb'd, and thumb'd, the dog-lug'd leaves,
But fient a word he read.

The travails o' the week his soul
Press on wi' troubl'd war;
But elect chiels, and their pet lambs,
May p— across the square.

Wi' haly leuk he ponder'd sair—
But quietly in his pouch
He thumb'd the gowd—O Sathan! ye,
Misleer'd, decoy'd the touch.

He hotch'd, he fidg'd—the foul fiend leugh,
Ay, thinks thou, this will do;
I need na fash wi' castocks here,
Or Hallow-even clew.

He thought o' the sax orphan bairns,
Wha sing at kirks and fairs,
How saft he straik't their curly pows,
And bade them say their pray'rs;

How oure Meg Watt, bed-rid sae lang,
He grain'd and pray'd sae weel—
The shilling crap na frae the pouch,
Nor yet the peck o' meal;

How, ae day, widow'd Tam, gaen hame,
Sair wat his shoon and hose,
Took twa three peat-clods frae the stack,
To mak the weans their brose;

The luckless Tam syne brak a hough—
His bed-strae's on the ground—
Red fever rag'd—the hungry bairns,
Stand, wildly, greeting round;

He looked in—ye see, ye knave,
Your ways are overta'en,
Had ye na stown the Laird's ain peats,
Ye might ha'e gaen your-lane;

The bairns hang on him, greeting sair,
They sab wi' want and wae;
He bids them had a back, young thieves,
Or he their hides wad flay;

How hyne up in the glen he met
Nell linking to the town,
I wyte na how the starns reel'd,
But she gat haf a crown.

Wi' this upspringing frae his chair,
He cries, the Elect reign;
Wha'd mingle Howard and his works,
Wi' Bunyan's sough and graine!

Awa' thou filthy covenant!
Sweet grace and faith be mine!
Cauld fa's the trimly moral talk
Aside the sough divine.

Syne up he lift his voice wi' pith
And sang staves thretty twa
In Bothwell-brig's right noseskip twang;
Then lang his nose did bla'.

Sleep, struggling sair, now steek'd his een,
Though ay he grain'd and pecht;
And aften jingled in his dreams,
The weeks sweet siller fecht.

Vile dreams disturb—he rubs his een,
And syne he taks a dram;
Foul Sathan! ye're ay gaen about;
Ye've made me tyne my dam.

Familiar canting wi' high heav'n,
Twa hours mair did he rave;
Sair-soughing words twin'd out a while,
And graines fill'd up the lave.

His pray'rs, his praise, sufficient ware;
It's a' the chosen ken:
The spritual joy should never girn,
Wi' bootless warks o' men.

The dinner bell rang loud and clear;
We are na a' divine;
Hale frae the table gaed na aught,
And bonny was the wine.

END OF CANTO FIRST

MACGULDROCHIANA.

Canto Second.

To town the laird and lady went—
Macguldroch a' was thine,
The marbl't ha's and painted bow'rs,
To hen-bauks and the swine.

Stately stap't he east the wa',
And stately stap't he west,
Full fifty years he now had seen,
And few his hours o' rest.

Oure moor and moss, oure hill and dale,
Right tenty was his ee;
And a' the tykes, and a' the town,
Fu' kniefly guided he.

Wow! sair-had care besnaw't his head,
And plough'd his knotty brow;
And dapplin' on his camseach chin
His thristly honours grew.

Doure thought in linsey-wonsey dicht,
Blink't frae his drumly ee;
And pow'r and lear, frae head to feet,
Baith tykes and taylors see.

But castles moulder on the hills,
And hills, they tell, decay;
And, like the mid-day gossamer,
Man's glory flits away.

The laird frae hame, a' was right still,
Nae swankies bick'rin' roun';
A preen drap't frae the highest tow'r,
Was heard oure a' the town.

Furth frae the yett, wi muckle pride,
A brankin' greyhound cam;
And kevil't in his weel fang't jaws,
A gusty bacon ham.

High in the air, wi lugs erect,
The guidly prize he bare;
And scourin' nimbly oure the leys,
He heard the castle rair.

He look't na east, he look't na west,
But pey't alang the fail;
For a' the tykes about the town,
Ware stourin' at his tail.

Arm't wi' the besom at a' points,
And he docht swear na mair,
Tam Gulsheoch waddl't oure the green,
Till his auld shanks grew sair.

Oigh! Oigh! the wablin' besom shaft,
Gat Tammy's houghs atween;
And Tammy's honour forthwith lay,
At end lang on the green.

But wae betide th'unsonsy rung!
It met his luckless niz;
And oure his face, and oure the swaird,
The bluidy burnie raise.

Now ellritch din, and screamin' yells,
Through a' the castle rang;
And hungry wames in Rino's lugs
Their left han't blissin's sang.

Wi ruefu' face, and hirplin' trott,
Gash Mistress Jelly cam
Fast through the passage, chirmin' sair,
Alas! my bacon ham.

My bacon ham, my table's pride,
Th' unseely tyke has ta'en;
O Maister Guldroch! speed thy fit,
Or a' our dinner's gane.

Och! Och! my ham, my bonny ham,
Lang beam't thou in my ee;
Wha was't that cur'd thy bonny hip,
Ah, wha was it but me!

The skaith was ane; the nourice now
Heard a' the din o' weirs;
The bairnie in the cradle coost,
Syne caper't wi her feres.

Sae stark, sae fat, sae full o' speed,
She oure the Mistress dang;
And baith outoure the auld blind dog,
They row't and tumbl't lang.

He caught the nourice by the hip,
Syne she essay't to flee,
But oure again on Mistress coup't;
Sair, sair misfuirt was she.

Macguldroch heard this mighty dirr,
And down the stair he cam;
Soon, soon, the tidings rang fu' loud,
O' Rino and the ham.

He ferly't at the fiendlish day,
And troubles o' the lan';
Syne flourishin' his billax sheen,
He coost his coat and ran,

Outoure the leys wi mony a spang
Till he foreran the win';
But, Och! his haste mischiev't his speed—
He ran till he was blin'.

Swith in a sleugh at a' his length
He on his riggin lay;
And deep and sair the bluidy ax,
Had cleft his mickle tae.

O Rino! Rino! loud he roar't,
To thee I was right kin';
Vile scurryvaig, why did ye steal,
The remnant o' my swine!

Weel ken't ye a' the hungry wames,
That ee'd the pat sae rare;
Weel ken't ye whan the swine was gane,
The de'il a flee was there.

But damn't—forgi'e me—greedy tyke,
Though thou hast won the day,
Wi mornin's sun this billax sharp,
Shall lop thy head away.

Och! Och! the tae is streamin' fast.
In troth, e'n this may kill;
Gi'e me till morn there's nae a tyke
Shall ha'e his bluid to spill.

Shame and despair roar't in his hause,
And pain his heart did wring;
While shriller notes, baith lang and loud,
Gar't a' the castle ring.

Sair travail, ancient mistress, this,
A drap or twa does weel;
The nourice skinks the sonsy cup,
And lets Macguldroch squeel.

Sudden high noon was overcast,
And murky night sat down;
The sun and moon at ither's beck't;
Earth's guts seem'd wamblin' roun'.

Like swallows on the steeple tap,
Starns sat on the moon's horn;
The tides ga'ed a' wrang oure the craigs—
I wish we saw the morn.

Kail castocks thumpit through the fog;
Thick show'rs o' turnips fell;
And boil't potatoes flew like stour,
Frae whare they ken't themsell.

Strange lights, frae a' the castle-bow'rs,
Blink't out sae pale and blue;
The doors, though lock't, flapp'd loud and aft,
And red the winnocks grew.

Besoms and telescopes right thrang,
Wi' spits and swords sae sheen,
Majestic through the gateway pass,
And travel oure the green.

Sax flannin sarks, sax gouty shoon,
Cam on the dinsome light;
The brockit fleas, the stockin't lice,
Ware faintin' wi the fright.

A thousand bats scud through the gloom;
A thousand rattons rin;
Taids travel forth at ilka door;
The howlet howls within.

The maukins hirple round the yett;
The tykes they yearn and yowl;
The hoody-craws perch on the porch;
The jackdaws in the bowl.

A thousand pyats chatter round,
Whare lords and lairds ha'e din't;
And cauld-hough't paddocks loudly croak
Whare eager lovers pin't.

Loud, like the bittern in the bog,
Macguldroch moan't his wound;
Hear ye yon sabs—they're unco deep—
His hearts-bluid's on the ground.

He growl't—it troubl't a' the wind—
The sound it fail't and fell—
Nature return'd—Macguldroch sunk,
Wi' a' the waldritch spell.

BENEVOLENCE,

TO

JAMES R. MILLER, Esq.

LONDON.

BENEVOLENCE.

Low to thee, Heav'n! O let me bow,
And pour the single hearted vow;
Thou binds the fillet on Man's brow,
And bids him rise;
Around his heart blyth plays thou, now,
Syne wide's thy skies.

He, led by thee, courts nae renown,
Nor hirples near a tow'r or crown;
For man he lives; and saftly down,
Life's broken vale,
His goodness, dew'd wi' roses roun',
Sweet speeds the gale.

He, son of nature, full of thee,
In humming crowds, or 'neath the tree,
Unheeded, like an angel, he
Move's silent on:
The light'ning heart, the drying ee—
There—there's his throne

Cauldrife the honest man looks on
The rising and the setting sun;
Duty fills up the task begun;
Nae heart is there;
Age smirks o'er kin, and warld won,
In crimson chair

The balanc'd thought, the balanc'd deed,
Twine his sma' honours round his head,
Alack! they live—they canna spread—
Right thin's the soil;
Affection never warm'd their bed,
Or sped the toil.

O cousin'd thought! whare shall we lean?
The tribe—the clan—the cottage bein—
Lang knit the knot, weelfelt, weelseen;
Fast fails the tie;
The palsying warld's breath streams in;
Kinn'd embers die.

The orphan wanders o'er the wild;
The patriarch blind speers for his child;
The widow'd matron, broken mild—
Is this the bloom
Blood lang time pour'd—sair, sair defil'd,
Nae far's thy doom.

Chill friendship trims wi' pompous art,
It's lamp to warm the aguish'd heart;
But pale it blinks its feeble part,
Its dubious spell,
Oft will'd delusion—whare thou war't
Death's lip may tell.

Hear thou thy tale frae maiden's song;
Thy motely garb see in the throng;
But whare's thy spirit, yare and young,
Flaming around!
Wha saw it move in joy along
Wi' honours crown'd!

Wha whet the edge of Brutus' sword,
Or fix'd on Pompey's arms the cord!
Yon bosom bolster'd Essex's lord,
Yet bade him die;
In Mary's blood it, murd'rous, gor'd
Life's ev'ry tie.

The great lets down a silken ee
On pale-fac'd misery, and me;
Benevolence seems in the glee;
Proud, proud's the day;
Sae gracious kind, sae courteous he,
Ane needna pray.

The meteor glimmers; faint's the ray;
Another whim fills up the day;
The thought, half-formed dies away,
But wha may chide,
The gowden pow'r, the titl'd sway,
The nation's pride!

Again it glents, yea! and again,
Age coming tries th'araneous chain;
But guilt-born frowns, and proud disdain,
Light up the brow,
Whare kindness thou could never reign,
Nor virtue thou.

Thee charity! sae cramp, sae cauld;
Thy heart in fetters mony fauld,
Or sin or death may overhauld,
But ay thou'rt wise;
Thy brother tholes yon storm sae bauld—
Huge spittals rise!

O weary warld! painfu' thou
Rests on the wae-worn wrinkl'd brow;
O whare shall hope and comfort glow,
When things like these,
In millions spring, in splendour row,
Curse of our days!

Not yet the angry spirit sings,
Who black'nd Sodom's silver springs;
Though aft he trims his flichtering wings,
Or spreads them strong;
Sweet nature yet saft strikes the strings,
And lifts her song.

Benevolence, sweet as the morn,
On ev'ry virtue's plumage born,
Unbarg'ning lifts her plenteous horn,
Yet on the sky;
Lang be't afore thy beam is shorn,
Thy spirit die.

Thou, Miller, who in eddying ways,
In luckless hours, in luckier days,
Far frae the voice o' pride or praise,
With sainted heart,
Thy mite, thy full hand, unseen raise—
A vision's art.

Whence good could come thy heart was yare;
Thou heard the tale of ancient care;
To others' wants thy breast was bare,
Mair than thy ain;
Nae cauldrife friendship shiver'd there,
The warld to hain.

Whare pouchless youth, pensive and blae,
Press'd up life's weary, hopeless, brae,
To rise, to meet a kindlier day,
A milder end;
There was thy arm—ilk clime can say
Here's Miller's friend.

Weel may my heart spring up to thee,
Wi' trembling lip, and wat'ry ee,
Whan angry times sat sair on me,
My James was there;
A father's voice, a mother's knee,
An angel's care.

Let's trust, my James; the sparks alive;
Let's hope ilk heart with thine will strive;
Sink, sink the ground whare villains thrive,
Whare virtue pines;
Heav'n speed the garland millions rive,
And goodness twines.

The Soliloquy

OF

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

ON THE MORNING OF HER EXECUTION.

QUEEN MARY'S

SOLILOQUY.

THIS is the morn, on slow and ling'ring wings,
Fate seeks my bow'r, and at my window sings;
My bow'r! long in my dreary dungeon vile,
My tears have woo'd thee, and my boding smile;
The distant sound grows on my list'ning ear,
And angel-minstrels in the choir I hear·
O they approach, and sweet's the solemn sound,
Which, Mary, sings thee to the cold, cold, ground.

Ye ministers of grace, O will ye fly,
My ardent soul to beckon to the sky,
To dry my tears, to bring one welcome day,
And bear my long, long, murder'd life away.
Unconscious pass the moments o'er my mind,
Till, glad, I leave the weary wreck behind;
Though former deeds rise on my pictur'd soul,
And former days strong o'er my mem'ry roll,
Though reason toils, and conscience' dreadful spear,
Probes all my bosom, ev'ry smile and tear,
Yet O, with angry eye, they cannot lour,
To fix one film on Mary's latest hour.
Son of the Cross! O bend thy eye on me;
Eternal love and freedom come with thee!

Ye too are welcome, ministers of crimes,
Ye strong abettors of enormous times!
Who lust for agonizing pow'r and gain,
And weary falsehood's dark, malignant, train;
Who pour alike the blood, the endless sigh—
The God of love permits you, so may I;
For, O, on sooty, and malignant wing,
The long plan'd murder triumphant ye bring,
Which sends your queen despair's unending sigh;
Which sheds my blood, and springs me to the sky—
Ev'n ye are welcome—Mary's closing hour
Courts not the eye of pity or of pow'r;
Alike to her her head rolls streaming round,
Her body tumbling on the gory ground;

Or on the pillow, smooth'd with tears and sighs,
She stretches out her woe-worn limbs and dies:
She trusts, when the long record meets her eye,
Her rest's forever on a blessing sky.

Oh! Oh! I'm cold; chill through my freezing veins,
The monstrous dreg of monstrous suffering drains.
The cloud away, which press'd my soul so long,
Seems still to hover, black with all its wrong.
But look I back! these mouldy walls have been,
The purpl'd palace of a queen-born queen;
Long on my lap has fall'n my frozen breath,
Mix'd with my tears, upbraiding life and death:
For year on year, black, busy demons flew,
Wet with dank vice's pestilential dew,

And sought, envenom'd, the long night and day,
To blast my fame, to take my life away:
A tyrant led, whose blood ran in my veins;
Her head, her heart, the dregs of sorrow drains;
A tyrant's pow'r fell heavy on my head—
Its worst is kindness, and the arrow's sped.

But still ye roll, ye tear-worn eyes of mine;
Thy hold, O nature! checks not heav'ns design;
The deep crap'd block I nailing hear for me;
It's heav'n thy wise, unfathomed decree;
The gleaming ax, reeks in my steady eye;
Still, earth! I heave the tributary sigh.

Can ye yet waken on my passing soul,
Can early loves, and infant feelings roll;

My father's tow'rs, yet brood ye on my mind,
Where all were faithful, and where all were kind;
Ye scenes, O Forth! rewake my infant sigh;
My kindred nobles glisten in my eye;
And round and round a love-rib'd people's seen,
Proud of their Mary Ban,* their infant queen!

Curs'd be that morn, when idiot-statesmen's eyes,
Saw vacant grandeur in their visions rise;
But not the victim queen, the fated lord,
The friendless friendship of the flaming sword.
Curs'd be that morn—that morn my kingdom fell;
A demon's purpose, and a hag's black spell.

---

* *Mary Ban* is an affectionate name given by the Scotch to their beloved queen even to this day. *Ban* in gaelic signifies fair, or in a more general sense beautiful.

Thy name, proud kingdom, vilely pass'd away
Thy throne, thy tombs, fast in their ashes lay:
A scorning nation, prop'd with thee, and thine,
Will bulwark Europe, and forever shine.
I mourn the breeze, I mourn the day serene,
Which sent thee, France, a daughter and a queen.
O little knew I the young heart, and vain,
The hollow statesman, and the courtly train,
Where were ye, angry spirits of the deep!
To lull my slumbers in eternal sleep.
The mercheand wealth is scatter'd o'er the shore;
The living castle sinks to rise no more;
The sea-beat sailor's plunged in the main;
But deep's thy cup, thou Mary! hast to drain;

Or on the roaring cliff, or sounding sea,

The hour is short, alas! to all but thee.

Rapt with new joys, the laughing years flew round;

My little feet trode visionary ground.

Soft pleasing smiles, and seeming kindness shone,

The tissued drapery of a varnish'd throne;

Crowns, sceptres, truncheons, pride and beauty's mien;

The peasant's brow, the soldier's blood unseen.

Born to a throne I felt the pleasure less,

But still the round was pleasure in excess.

Short the career; soon fell the gaudy scene,

And clos'd forever on the youngling queen.

Regardless death! thy ruthless arrow flew;

The crimson'd curtain thy dark angels drew;

Thy foot was strong, thou pressed to the throne;
And Mary! Mary! thou art left alone.
The soulless statesman sees thy use no more;
Kind he returns thee to thy native shore;
But the vile wizzard sold thee to thy doom,
A life of suff'ring, and a bloody tomb.
O, had I never left—sit still thou tear—
A doating people, and a kindred dear;
Forgone my tow'rs, my tow'rs of grey renown;
Forgone my hills which health and pleasure crown;
But in my court, though rough, sped honest case;
Gave virtue's smile the charm alone to please;
Bade courtiers think, and bloodless statesmen feel;
And churchmen love the cross and commonweal.

But, O, these joys were ne'er reserv'd for me;
The patriot hour sunk, Mary, fast on thee.
Who saw thy kind revolving Scottish sun?
Thy turf was cut ere half thy years was run.
Unhappy Mary! long thy royal line
Liv'd rich in fame, and bade a kingdom shine;
But ye, like me, ye sons of high renown,
Your studded coffins follow'd fast the crown;
Ye reign'd, my fathers! few your hours of rest,
The secret steel, or ruffian at your breast.
Ye reign'd, ye fell—O, was't unexpiate crimes,
Or roughest manners of the roughest times?
Your gloomy halls, unlike the fairy scene
Of Scotland's Mary, France's augur'd queen,

Receiv'd me happy from that joyous shore,
But bade me, friendless, look for joy no more.
Soon, soon the dream, the airy vision fell,
Beneath the dark, the unrelenting spell.
Deep fawning statesmen hover'd ever round;
Dark-visag'd churchmen press'd me to the ground,
And, black with crimes, for my devoted life
A guardian brother whets the murd'rous knife.
My doom, O Scotland—thy proud banner tore.—
Was fix'd, relentless, ere I reach'd thy shore
Unhallow'd men, unhallow'd counsels join'd,
A kindred queen with faction vile combin'd,
A kindred queen, in dubious honour born,
The bruised child of obloquy and scorn;

Alas! thy dungeon'd youth wrought nought but rage
And guile, the tutors of thy years and age;
All all combin'd; ye too the frequent sigh,
The pensive moment, and the humid eye,
My youth, with kindness, unsuspicious grown,
Ye all are crimes to hurl me from my throne.
The lust of pow'r might dark-soul'd Murray sway;
A misled people feel a tainted day;
But thou, great queen, with pow'r and honours crown'd,
Thy heart was blacken'd, and thy soul unsound,
Or never never would th'anointed hand,
Have flam'd the torch of treason o'er the land.
Black oft thy prison, Princess, didst thou see
Thy omen'd death, and canst thou think of me.

O who'll bind up the raging jealous soul,
Who dark, vindictive, murd'rous, pow'r control!
Rage wild may fury, perish foes and friends,
But conscience wakes a sound which never ends.

By deepest guile, with thoughtless passion's aid,
To worthless beauty was my heart betray'd.
Love looks not far, and weak its flutt'ring wing,
Its hour unsteady as the morn of spring.
The gaudy rainbow faded on the skies;
Lost to their schemes the victim'd Darnley dies.
Driv'n by their craft he sought my friendless life;
Fall'n by their hands he mark'd th' unequal strife.
Ill-fated youth! the light'ning burst on thee,
But the fell bolt was level'd red at me.

Restless the bloody monster urges on,
And fiend-led presses on my life and throne.
The rushing spirits mingle in his eye,
Which nerve his arm, or at his signal die.
Thou bastard, bloody, chief, could nought appal,
Thy horrid soul, and tell thy tearless fall.
Ill-fated Bothwell! child of Murray's wiles,
My ancient barons poison'd by his smiles;
By fraud, by force, thou murder'd Mary's fame:
Unwitting lord, thy crime was now the same.
Now sicken'd on thee all thy perjur'd band;
Proud wav'd their banners o'er a bloody land.
The trimmed sacrifice was now to shine,
And thy red blood a channel be to mine

On ev'ry hill the treason'd legions shone,
Few few the chiefs around the shaken throne.
And there, ev'n there, a lurking poison lay,
The parent, Langside, of thy fatal day!
O thou dread field! black black thy dismal hour!—
Thou, Solway, clos'd on all my pride and pow'r!
Ah, Mary Ban! thy single heart led on,
And led forever from thy birthright throne.
That queen who leans her heart, her soul, to thee,
That queen, O Mary! thou wilt never see:
Thou'lt feel her triumphs, feel her treach'rous pow'r,
And the red axe close in thy fatal hour.

Th' untainted chief, the priest, by Solway's stream,
Strove to disturb the fascinating dream.

Uplifted hands abjur'd the faithless queen,
And wisdom's lip denounc'd th' inviting scene.
But fate was there; wild roll'd my streaming eye,
On all its honours, or prepar'd to die;
Worn with the woes of butcher'd pow'r and fame,
I sought, O me! my birthright and my name.
A ghostly thing among the crowd appears,
The shapeless ruins of an hundred years,
Her wither'd hands spread trembling to the sky,
The tears fast gushing from her sunken eye,
O Mary, cry'd she, seek thou not yon shore,
For cross that stream, thou'lt never cross it more,
Tomorrow's sun thy prison bars on thee,
Till the grim headsman sets thee, Mary, free.

I plung'd—I pass'd; the angry light'ning flew,
The roaring thunder on the tempest grew;
Creffel and Skiddaw groan'd on Solway's side,
And the dark dungeon clos'd on Mary's pride.

O heaven forever just, I bend to thee,
Could'st thou, severe, heap misery on me!
Did ancient crimes creep in my tinged blood;
Or sprung young guilt green on my infant bud!
My life, my woes, pass on the passing gale,
And all my friendships on the scaffold fail.
May these, if angry angels guard the throne,
With mercy's tears, and Mary's days, atone.
Yet, yet O feel I, on a coast so drear,
No gloomy boding, and no guilty fear;

I look with joy, ye spirits, to that hour,
When the red axe ends time's unsated pow'r.
Yon, yon's the block—I hear the rustling screen,
Which falls forever on an injur'd queen.
I come—life's sable curtain's long been drawn,
The gloomy prison clos'd on Mary Ban.
The dewy walls, the stinted air and sky,
Have broke down life, and sunk the ageless eye;
That face, that form, my nation's love and pride,
Which plung'd the dagger in a rival's side,
That dagger whence unnumber'd ills arose,
My bloated fame, my multiplied woes;
Where are ye, charms! has grief her wrinkles wove,
With strong disease the moulded figure strove?

Affliction brooding on the night and day,
And this her wreath the tress so long and grey!
Alas! my bosom; where, with all thy throes,
My aching brow, O where were your repose:
Thou, child of God, religion, thou wast there,
To bind my wounds, to soothe my frenzy'd care,
Thou bad'st the hour to pass, the dungeon shine,
The soul of peace to be forever mine!

Thou coward queen, foul pride and passions slave,
Dark in thy crimes, for guilt is never brave;
Thou cruel queen, where then thy bloody sword,
Thy well mixt goblet, and thy secret cord;
My death was fix'd in thy rank gory soul,
Long ere my eye saw Solway's waters roll!

Dark, dark in blood, didst thou for coming times,
Spare me a tool for all thy purpos'd crimes,
And when thou wish'd to weed a life away,
Devoted Mary flare in poison'd day!
In her wild efforts for her throne, her life,
The strong, the fear'd, thou mingl'd in the strife;
And the dark plot, the creature of thy fears,
Or fram'd by thee, has wet the Isle with tears;
The best of blood has stain'd thy ruthless hand,
Dark counsels, danger, chill'd thy weary land.
Thy pride, thy lust, have, frontless, brav'd the day;
Thy midnight sword their victims pass'd away;
Ev'n youthy crimes grow with thy glutted days;
And goodness shivers at thy pow'r and praise;

But ev'n thy art, thy cunning's deep control,
Hide not thy wicked pow'r, thy rankl'd soul.
Think, envious queen, the doom is past on thee
By heav'n, which, proud, thou thinks thou'st past on me.
The gate from life, O queen, is mine, is thine;
The beggar's footstep, the long purpl'd line;
There, there no more thy slaves shall screen thy times,
Thy maidens bait thee with thy blasting crimes;
Thy statesmen, groaning, see an angry sky,
Like thee they tremble, and like thee they'll die.
All, all will leave thee, thou unvirtuous queen,
Thy couch abandon'd, and thy pangs unseen;
And if cold duty mark thy closing day,
Thy gnawing soul will chase the form away.

Farewell, thou queen, and may that peace be thine,
Which, cruel, thou refus'd to me and mine.
I come, I come—Almighty Father! thou,
Who, wrap'd in thunder, from mount Sinai's brow,
Bade long lost mankind know thy voice again,
Thy 'mmeasur'd being, and thy endless reign;
And Thou! who from the cross, who from above,
Bequeathed universal peace and love;
I come—my earthly hour's forever gone;
I see the glories of th' Almighty throne;
O gentle Spirit; strong thou points the way,
And the red block begins my gloried day.

INCHSTEVRANNA.

INCHSTEVRANNA.

Ah, Mary! see, the hour is come—
Adieu, ye scenes of dear delight;
Ye joys so pure, farewell—farewell
The happy day, the tranquil night.

To these lov'd rocks, to these lov'd trees,
To Lomond's lakes, a last adieu;
In my fond heart, O what's the scene,
Can e'er obliterate them or you!

My Mary dear! come to my breast,
It leans, it heaves, it bursts to thee!
Death's hand will never anguish bring,
Like what thy red eye pours on me.

When sep'rate far by cruel fate,
In airy dreams, O visit me!
We'll weep and wander o'er the past;
And mark each hallow'd rock and tree.

On fancy'd waves, in fancy'd glens,
We'll sing the ruddy rising morn;
We'll pant beneath the mid-day sun,
And ev'ning's dew breathe from the thorn.

O Inchstevranna! in thy clouds,
Where nature ev'ry charm bestows
On thy broad side, soothe thou my mind,
And guide my heart to calm repose.

O Mary! had it been my fate.
In glens recluse to live unknown,
This fragrant wood had been my world,
This little turf had been my throne.

When rising morn the dark-brown heath
Adorns with her broad purple beam,
There, where my infant mind outsprung,
We'd wander by the winter stream.

There, free from all the thousand cares,
The feeling heart that pierce and tear,
We'd wear sweet friendship's warmest robe,
Like yon two friends—yon happy pair.

Fast by yon wildly wand'ring brook,
Which weeps the sun's last parting beam,
Sacred to friendship, mountain dear,
We'd rear an altar by thy stream.

Around the laurel's shining leaf,
Around the ivy creeping too,
Should turn the wint'ry chilly blast,
The summer beam, and ev'ning dew,

There with my Mary would I rest,
Sing of thy friendship, sing of thee;
And when time's angry eye withdrew,
The altar'd turf's for thee and me.

But, ah! how painful, how severe!
From all that's dear I must depart!
O Inchstevranna! at thy foot,
I leave a poor, a broken heart.

Farewell, sweet maid!—forbear, ye tears;
Ye hills, ye woods, ye lakes, adieu!
Be thou, my Mary! heav'n's best care—
And think of her that lives in you.

THE

BLUE-GOWN'S STORY.

THE BLUE-GOWN.

May peace be here—O may her blessings all
Smooth o'er your age, and on your children fall;
Long may your song the rosy morning greet,
And suns descending your meek homage meet;
Late be the harvest of your rip'ning years;
And many an eye bedew your grave with tears;
So may your souls a sigh of pity bring,
To bid my wither'd heart with gladness sing.

Once I, like you—how many blessings mine!
Bade life and love o'er all the village shine.
Content dwelt proudly on my earthen floor;
And age and want ne'er trembl'd at my door.
But glory wak'd my secret sigh—she came
With honour, panting, from the fields of fame.
Strong were the pictures these sweet angels drew;
Ev'n this poor Badge beside the Truncheon grew:
Yet, yet I kiss it; though not grand the prize,
It warms my heart, and glistens in my eyes.
Some virtue twinkles in thy feeble ray,
Thou token small of many a bloody day!
In pride I danced to the tented plain;
And braved death in many a hard campaign.

These limbs, not maimed then, the battle sought;
Their scars now tell you how the soldier fought.
But ill it fits him, vaunting, to proclaim
The various deeds which mark his humble fame.

In all my toils, in all my wants and woes,
Thou, lovely Mary! gave my soul repose:
Thine was the heart to feel, the charms to bind
The restless wand'rings of the harrow'd mind.
Ne'er o'er thy face did swelling passions roll;
No sickly cares consum'd thy gentle soul;
All smil'd around thee—war forgot to reign,
And caught the tide of joy in every vein.
Why didst thou leave me, Mary! chide thy skies—
No hand but thine should seal thy soldier's eyes.

Dost thou behold me, Mary!—O, my love!
Alas, far from thee in thy realms above!—
Dost thou behold me, aged, lame, and poor,
A shiv'ring beggar at a bolted door;
Driv'n with the vile to the loath'd sleepless bed;
Spurn'd from my kind, and with the mungrel fed:
O take me hence! let me ascend to thee—
Rid be the world of wretchedness and me!
Forgive my tears—they soon will cease to flow—
My soul sinks hourly 'neath increasing woe.
Time saw my growing pride, and slowly sent
His hoary heralds trembling to my tent.
With grief I felt the ev'n of life draw nigh;
And met its gloom with many a broken sigh;

The patient foe each day new progress gain'd—
Nought but the ruins of a man remain'd.
Tell, ye who feel, how swell'd the soldier's heart,
When he, from all the soldier priz'd, must part,
Could he the sword without a pang resign,
And tearless tremble by the shining line!
My Mary dead! my sword torn from my thigh!
O! on the field could but the vet'ran die!
Could his last breath mix with the cannon's blaze;
His mangl'd body help the mound to raise!
No—fast I fled the sacred field of fame;
And sought my cottage in a Blue-gown's name.
But all was chang'd—no cot, no friend, had I;
Tear follow'd tear, and fill'd my hollow eye.

The world before me; but my limbs no more
Could bear me bounding to a better shore.
Down, down, proud heart! thy bag of crumbs O—see!
And tell the story of the world and thee.—
No peace, no rest, can the poor Blue-gown have,
Till rank the grass bends sighing o'er his grave.
Heav'n be your meed—O let not age complain!
Let not the feeble bend his knee in vain!
Let your bless'd eye one glance of pity bring;
And bid my weary soul with gladness sing.

KINRARA.

KINRARA.

Thou dusky trav'ller of the weary night,
Yon cumbrous cloud awaits thy fading light;
Thy joyless ray hangs trembling o'er the main,
And sickness presses on thy ling'ring train;
Fast thou descends in the dark gloomy west—
O silent sinks thou in thy place of rest!

Behind yon eastern hill, where twilight bends
Doubtful and faint, the purpling dawn ascends;

Stronger and stronger the soft streaks arise,
And ruddy morning beams o'er all the skies.

Slow from the lake, and up the waving trees
Ascends the mist, and mingles with the breeze;
With weak'ning form it skirts the mountain-rise,
And hangs its filmy fragments on the skies.

'Tis silence all—save where the bird of morn,
Or on the heathy tuft, or spangled thorn,
Shakes the dank dew-drop from his quiv'ring wing,
And eager swells his little throat to sing;
And on a parent's pinion, high in air,
Dissolves in song above his nursling care:—
Save yon faint murmurs of the rippling flood,
And softer murmurs of the rustling wood.

And when yon cock, with shrill infrequent scream,
Strikes on the morn, and breaks the shepherd's dream.

O solemn comes thou, renovating day!
All sweetness marks thy mild, thy onward way;
Thy gradual steps with gradual splendour rise,
And the deep night is lost in brilliant skies.

But stronger still, far o'er yon mountain grey,
Pours thou thy beam, O sun! thy mighty day;
Thy piercing beam which rent the realm of night,
And shades the awful blaze of life and light.
Great in thy might, fast up the various skies,
Solemn and still thy flaming glories rise;
While broad o'er earth thy bounteous hand is spread,
And lifts in rapture wearied Nature's head;

To thy full harp she wakes her dewy train,
And robes them charming for the day again.
Now o'er yon cottage, mantled round with trees,
Slow swells the smoke, and curls along the breeze;
From his heath couch the early shepherd springs,
And, with his dog, along the hill he sings.
The flocks spread bleating o'er the fragrant hill;
The herds low hungry by the grassy rill;
And soft and wild through all the forest long,
The airy minstrels lift their morning song;
While, proudly rolling through the varying scene,
Through rocks reluctant, and through glens so green,
The Spey conjoins her deep, her growing voice,
And men and angels on her banks rejoice.

To crown the scene, to crown the charms of day,
Fair of Kinrara, on the sounding Spey!
Are thus thy steps so early on the dew,
And swells he his wild voice, yon thrush, for you!
Is't all for thee, the glen, the brook, so fair,
The woods Arabian on the desert air,
The hills, the rocks, beyond a painter's hand,
A fairy picture in a fairy land;
A people living in an angel's eye,
An host for friendship, or an host to die;
O 'tis for thee—all hail, a soul like thine,
Which in the desert or the court can shine;
Which, strong in worth, will shape its steady way,
And stamp on crime-worn time primæval day;

Elmora, hail! be grateful all to thee!
As thou art bounteous to the world and me!
O seeks thou here, where witching nature sports,
Far from the gazing world and pomp of courts,
To nurse thy mind, within thy ivy'd bow'r,
And give to reason, reason's pride and pow'r;
To set wild fancy on a seraph's wing,
And clothe the passions with the buds of spring;
To fix thy soul, long in a sick'ning world,
Of follies varied, or by fashion whirl'd;
And with a lifted eye, and soul sincere,
In purest rapture dart beyond the sphere.
Here then, Elmora! be thy blest abode,
Where bards have wak'd the song, where saints have trode,

Here be thou happy—here thy angel shines,
And all thy paths with flow'rs and foliage twines;
And down the bank, or by the shady tree,
Each gentle genius graceful bends to thee.

These are the halls where Ossian rais'd the song;
These are the hills where Fingal pour'd along,
Great in the chace; or with the flaming sword,
Press'd to the ground proud Lochlin's bloody lord;
And on yon cloud, perhaps Malvina lies,
Thy kindred genius on the earth or skies.
Here from his mist will Kaimes thy footsteps tend,
Thy early favourite, thy unvarying friend;
And Burns, lost Burns! his tribute too will bring,
No peacock's feather on a lav'rock's wing;

The cloud which wafts him from the highest skies,
Will pour a thousand bards before thy eyes;
Their three blind chiefs will touch th' harmonious string,
And thee and thine th'enraptur'd host will sing.
Haunts of their time, their long forgotten joys,
Will lift to heav'n their dread aerial voice.

Proud spirits hover round the fair; and long
May you and she light up my duteous song.
Long round Kinrara may her beauties shine,
And every heart live in a wish like mine;
And long and long our wilds so simple claim
Her gentle virtues, and her august name!

Here antient times prevail o'er all the land;
Pure, as just smoothed by a patriarch's hand:

Vice strides not here with fearless, frontless, face,
Nor sits presumptuous in meek virtue's place:
Guile lifts not up the smooth, the varnish'd head,
To cheat the living, and to bloat the dead:
Here blinks not round, the dark, th' insidious eye,
Nor swells the dubious uninviting sigh!
Its ermine trims not pride, with palsy'd hand,
Nor waves fell faction her devouring brand:
Nor war, the scourge of God, the pride of kings,
Comes here all bloody on a statesman's wings.
No—all that's best awaits Elmora here,
And joy shall lead thee through the circling year;
Health's downy finger ope thy morning eye,
And calm content let down thy evening sky;

Suns after suns, thy happiness shall see,

And all the forest join in song with me.

GLENFIDDICH.

GLENFIDDICH.

FAR in the glen where winding Fiddich brings
Her streams, mild rippling, from a thousand springs;
Where taste and fancy by the mount or rill,
Court nature smiling from the sunny hill;
Where from the world, in sweet retirement lost,
The great and good, the glen and cottage boast,
Matilda wander'd: O'er the mingled scene,
In rapture giddy, or in joy serene,

She wander'd till the high unbroken ray,
Half-sick'ning, wanton'd on the rosy way;
Till all the pow'r of varied charms was gone,
And sated fancy languish'd on her throne.

Then to the shade, reluctant, she withdrew,
Where the trim birch exhal'd its fragrant dew;
Panting, she courts the feeble, wand'ring, wind,
Her weary steps leave all the world behind;
There, listless, musing on the hills and skies,
Unnotic'd sleep soon clos'd her weary eyes.

The faded vision to her dreams returns,
And all the landscape now in splendour burns.
The hill, the vale, the lake, the rock, the tree,
Crowd on her soul, in all their majesty.

Creative fancy now unfetter'd reigns,
And ancient heroes cover all the plains:
O'er ev'ry hill the fleeting spirits fly
On low hung clouds, or glide along the sky.
Before the maid the form of Ossian stands;
The airy harp still grac'd his airy hands;
Around the chief, in dignity and ease,
His misty garment floated on the breeze;
Half hid in olive, by the murm'ring streams,
His unstain'd armour in the vapour gleams;
On the light cloud, the fair Malvina lies,
And solemn music swells through all the skies.
Majestic stood the venerable shade,
And thus address'd the high-born beauteous maid:

Star of the morning! from the sounding shores
Of Spey, re-echoing through thy lofty tow'rs;
Where, bright and blooming, joy for ever reigns,
And summer's rosy finger paints the plains.
Com'st thou, in all thy beauty, to the vale,
Where Fiddich murmurs to the sighing gale?
Canst thou abandon, to thy sister-loves,
Thy festive halls, and all thy charming groves?
Can thy soft heart forego the doating eye,
The struggling transport, and the rising sigh,
And in the desert, in thy tender form,
Meet the red light'ning, and the gath'ring storm?
Can thy lone cott, fast by the roaring stream,
Where the rude rock hangs glittering in the beam,

Where undisturb'd the bounding roebuck reigns,
And the grim owl through all the night complains;
Can yon lone cott the fair Matilda hide?
In its dark bosom can thy soul reside!
Will not the howling in the secret cave,
The gloomy ghost, that guards the ancient grave,
The dreary forms which future times disclose,
Haunt thy young dreams, and sicken thy repose!
And will the morn on broken clouds dispel,
The deep sunk sorrow of the gloomy cell?
Will thy sad heart in bounding rapture rise,
In the drear vale, o'erhung with bursting skies?
No—gentle spirit of the distant grove,
The sacred seat of innocence and love;

Mild bloom of nature, Thou! her darling care,
Where thousands charm us, and where all are fair.
Child of that fair, who, radiant from the sky,
Commands the heart, and fascinates the eye;
Whose soul, great on a wild, declining age,
Shines with the brilliant, strengthens with the sage;
To thee, the sacred host of Fiddich bend;
To thee, the bards their choicest incense send;
Warm from the heart, the songs of Ossian rise,
And softest music warbles through the skies.
Hail, fair Matilda! all thy virtues, hail,
Thou lovely daughter of the silent vale;
For thee, proud nature lifts her chearful voice,
For thee, the children of the wild rejoice;

Around thy steps shall laughing summer play;
No dreary cloud shall chill thy rising day.
Hid in his blast, shall troubled winter fly,
And no dark meteor vex the silky sky;
The sighing breeze shall fragrant odours yield,
And ev'ry plant shall bloom on every field.
Unaw'd, and graceful, on the sunny hill,
Or lightly sporting by the wand'ring rill,
To soothe thy soul, and charm thy lonely way,
The social stag and bounding roe shall play.
And when the ev'n, in languid mist array'd,
Steals o'er the vale, and all its beauties fade,
The peaceful cott shall glad thy weary eyes,
And in thy hall the songs of love shall rise.

Around thy rest, shall Ossian softly sing,
And Ullin's finger sweep the trembling string,
Till ruddy morning, on the eastern ray,
Again invite thee to the charms of day.
But, O my fairest! that dark morn I see,
When G——n C——e languishes for thee.
I hear the voice, which chides thy lingering stay:
I see the heart that wishes thee away;
I see dim horror gathering in the vale,
And sadd'ning sighs soft floating on the gale.
Bleak on yon hill, see withering winter stands,
Compress'd, the tempest struggles in his hands;
Sullen he waits, and when thou leav'st the vale,
Will his black blasts the gentle breeze assail:

Unaw'd, he'll launch red ruin o'er the land,
And weeping nature shrink beneath his hand.

Wilt thou, then, leave us? canst not thou remain,
The beauteous honour of our winding plain!
Must the proud hill forget its brightest morn?
No more our forests thy mild charms adorn?
Must Ossian's cloud in mournful silence rise,
And, sad and solemn, wander o'er the skies?

But be thou happy, be thou greatly blest,
In east's gay glory, or the gloomy west:
For ever round thee may thy honours shine,
Pure as thy heart, and as thy form, divine:
May thy mild worth a sinking people save,
And may thy friendships moulder in the grave:

Long may thy virtues gild thy noble name,
And dear and boundless be thy growing fame:
And when gray time shall raise thee to the skies,
May gladd'ning ghosts along with thee arise!

So spake the bard—O, deep and loud, his sigh
Spread through the leaning minstrels of the sky;
So spake the bard, and to the realms of day,
He rose majestic on his bending ray.

BLAIRNAHOISKAN.

BLAIRNAHOISKAN.

COME, sober Eve! in thy dun mantle clad,
The rose and poppy nodding on thy head;
Come, gentle nymph! and, laughing by thy side,
Bring toil's blythe daughters, and yon blyther bride.
Light o'er the hill the skipping younkers see,
And the blind minstrel pipes for them and thee.
Ye happy children of the harden'd hand,
Where virtue emulates, and hearts command;

Yours was dank morning's finger, red and chill,
On the rough field, or by the meadowy rill;
Yours, when the sun shot down his mid-day beam,
The scarlet cheek, or the half sleepless dream;
And yours, sweet souls! the ev'ning hour so long,
Not met with murmurs, but with joy and song.
Yours too, 'tis yours, the nation's strength and pride,
Though wealth and splendour wallow at your side.

O give us, Heav'n! to work, to walk with these,
To laugh and sing, to frolic, and to please:
Give us the single heart, the simple eye;
Give us like them to live, like them to die.

Sweet Eve! then blythsome, cheery, lead along
Thy children's airy dance, and social song;

Trim the loose lock, which labour could not see,
And trim the garment spread to toil and thee;
From their young brows, care's traces rub away;
Sweet be the rising, and the setting day.
On their smooth cheek, and from their beaming eye,
Bid toil's young pastime shine, and troubles fly;
And when dead night, in darkest mantle drest,
Marks out, long welcome, their sweet place of rest,
Shed thou thy influence o'er their heavy eyes,
Till morning's beam, and morning's joys arise.
Nought fills your veins with idle fancied woes;
Children of nature, sweet be your repose!
Now Eve! thy honours fast are driving on,
Thy mantle's spreading to the setting sun.

Mix't o'er thy head sits the unorder'd sky,
And waits the lifting of thy chast'ning eye.
Sweet Eve! thy breath, rich from the forest, flies,
Loaded with dew, and odours as they rise.
It passes gently o'er the lake and trees,
And scarcely forms the wanton, wand'ring breeze;
Lightly it skims the many-colour'd scene,
And kisses soft the daisy on the green;
Wilt thou too, gentle breeze! thus die away,
And leave the nameless remnant of the day?
Still, and majestic, on, yon river moves,
Through ample fields, and long long whisp'ring groves:
The sailing cloud, the flitting sky-tints grace
The sun-beam sinking on thy trembling face:

The hum of ev'n blends with thy solemn sound,
And spreads a deep'ning, awful, stillness round.
High on thy bank, the patient angler stands,
The rod half anxious waving in his hands,
The murd'rous net shoots o'er thy murm'ring face.
Ah! dead's thy children in its dire embrace;
With all thy honours brooding on thy side,
Proud rolls thou, river! through the roaring tide.

O smooth and still, the vasty ocean lies,
A dread expanse beneath the tissued skies.
No idle waste, a setting sun to hide,
Nor low'ring waves for monsters' wieldless pride;
No chaos rude, to shock the active mind;
Wisdom rides equal on the waves and wind.

Proud in thy arms, the busy merchant throws
His life, his hope, his happiness, and woes;
To thee, the good of nations, and the gale,
He trusts devoutly in his ample sail;
To thee he looks, with all thy frenzied face,
For well-earn'd riches, and an honour'd race.
Proud on thy bosom sits the jovial tar,
Best son of peace, or strongest arm of war:
His pipe decoys the merchant's hour away,
His soul in battle rides on Britain's ray:
Right and erect, he bids his islands be,
Freedom! with commerce, children dear to thee.

Grand, by yon mountain's skirt, with dying gale,
Queen of the waves! thou peers thy broad'ning sail,

A mighty castle; stately moves thou on,
Thy wings all shining to the setting sun.
At times, the thunder blazes from thy side,
And earth and ocean tremble, far and wide:
Thy convoy follows, scatt'ring o'er the seas,
Pressing the groaning wave, and weaken'd breeze;
Majestic moves thou, proud thy banners flee,
As if old ocean had been form'd for thee.
I bless thy pow'r, I hail thy honest pride,
And safe I slumber by thy mighty side.
Peerless long move thou on from pole to pole;
From east to west long may thy thunders roll;
Mix thou thy blood with the red roaring sea,
For Britain's glory lives alone with thee.

Ah! could each Briton think so, then no more,
Our useless blood would wet a foreign shore;
Then would the sword shine only on the main,
Where Britons perish, or where Britons reign.
But twilight edges on: father of day!
No longer thine, the strong commanding ray:
Like life's last taper, weak it trembles round,
Blinks on the cloud, or dies upon the ground.
The landscape blends confusion on the eye;
The ruin'd tow'r enlarges on the sky;
The varying tints feed fancy's idle hour;
And ghosts and dreams ride on the water's roar;
The breeze, so still and weak, scarce wafts along
The spirit's feeble voice, or forest's song.

Now is thy hour, sweet elfin knight! 'tis she,
Thy frolic reign, kind twilight, lends to thee.
Sweet elfin knight! this nameless hour is thine,
No sun, no moon, disturbing thee will shine,
Or in the blazing cave, or on the green,
Thy green-rob'd legions frolicsome convene,
Pour the wild song upon the wand'ring breeze,
And trip it, gentle fairies!—Strait the trees
Deep and wild rustling make; pale lights fly round;
Unfancied horror feels the quaking ground;
Unusual forms teem in the lurid sky,
And Pharaoh's chariots seem proud whirling by.

Sudden in awful pause—then, soft and still,
From the deep bosom of the heath-clad hill,

Around th' enchanting voice of music rose,
Gradual and full it on the ev'ning grows.
A glare of light bursts from its rending side,
And through the darkness twinkles far and wide.
The elfin people trip in wildest maze,
Light and fantastic, round th' enchanted blaze;
Of frolic what's in land, or sea, or air,
Ye gentle sprites! sublime ye had it there.
But who so tall trips round the flaming tree?
Thou long lost Helen—Helen, is it thee!
Come, Helen, come—the strong enchantment fell,
A human voice destroy'd the potent spell.
Deep darkness for an instant tumbled round,
And Helen, stun'd, fell lifeless on the ground;

But sober twilight reassum'd her reign,

And trembling life came to her lip again.

Where art thou, Edward! whither art thou stray'd,

And left thy Helen! cried the weeping maid.

To-day thou told me, winnowing at the mill,

At even thou'dst met me by this little hill.

Dost thou, because some strange enchanting song

Detain'd thy Helen half an hour too long;

Dost thou bring anguish on a heart like mine,

When life, and love, and plighted faith were thine.

O Edward, love!—'Tween and the glimm'ring skies,

A hideous spectre sudden seem'd to rise.

On the hill side it seem'd a moving tree;

Soon stood it frighful by the maid and me.

His hair, his beard, broad floating on the wind,
Half hid the human form ; a vagrant mind,
Inur'd to grief, his ragged blanket trimm'd,
And fast the tear his staring eye bedimm'd.
He spoke—the mystic charm, the scen'ry fell,
As oft the fairies sing, and lovers tell.
He spoke ; pale in his arms the maiden lies ;
Soft is the whisper, many are the sighs :
Where wert thou, Edward! could some moments move
Thy gentle heart to doubt thy Helen's love!
Why this attire to mock my destin'd doom,
O bear me, bear me! to the op'ning tomb!
Edward, astonish'd—five long years are past,
Five thousand are they to my woe-worn breast ;

Five years this moment, since thy Edward dear
In rapture flew to meet his Helen here.
But, ah! she came not; hours and days past on,
And with the rising and the setting sun,
My restless steps trac'd all the country round,
But no where, no where, was my Helen found.
The neighbours round began in hints to say,
My ruthless hand had ta'en thy life away.
My grief they call'd remorse, which dreadful prest
Atrocious life scarce ling'ring in my breast.
Distress'd, distracted, fast and far I fled;
Nought but the skies e'er mantl'd o'er my head.
Oft in my restless wand'rings came I here,
To pour the frequent, unavailing, tear;

Oft I invoked ev'n thy shade in vain;

But heav'n has join'd our devious paths again.

But where, love, hast thou been? end my alarms!

Why fled'st thou, Helen, from thy Edward's arms!

What madd'ning frenzy, said the weeping maid,

What idle mockery triumphs in thy head?

Why this fantastic habit, why these moans,

Thy five years wand'rings, and thy sighs and groans?

Not half an hour have I been by the hill,

Rapt with uncommon sounds, uncommon skill;

Didst thou not hear them, faithful Edgar! say,

'Tis but this moment they have died away.

I told my tale—night lessen'd not our dread;

So to the village hastily we sped.

THE

DESPAIRING LOVER.

THE

DESPAIRING LOVER.

LUCKLESS the youth who pines in love,
And is not lov'd again;
Doubtful and distant bliss he bodes,
While wrung with present pain.

No soft return bids passion bloom;
No smile, his heart to beat;
No sorrow, no, nor friendly tear,
Sweet softens down his fate.

A giddy world, with thoughtless soul,
Laughs at his fading eye;
And folly points the tombstone, where
A broken heart must lie.

The low-hung cloud along the heav'n,
His faithful vespers sweeps:
O could ye, fairies, in your ring,
Laugh round him as he weeps!

Sweet echo heard the oft-told tale,
Pierce deep the dark'ning sky:
To me was left the votive song,
For echo let it die.

For oft, when midnight shields the earth,
To me thy soul returns;
And sadly sighing o'er thy fate,
In tend'rest accents mourns.

"Come night, eternal night, and hide
My sorrows and my cares;
In thy dun robe for ever bind
A lover's hopes and fears.

"Let Cathrine's form no more pervade
This hapless breast of mine;
Yet may the maid, in all her charms
And beauty, ever shine!

" Long have my weary wand'ring eyes
Surrounding scenes survey'd;
But fancy warps the visual ray,
And still presents the maid.

" In ev'ry crowd the various charms,
Of love and life I see;
The jaded mind returns, and finds
Each various charm in thee.

" Thine is the eye, and thine the heart,
To bind the giddy youth;
And dash'd deceit before thee shrinks,
To leave the heart to truth.

" Before thy altar, beauteous maid!
A meek adorer lies;
And fervent wishes, sacred thoughts,
Around the censer rise.

" The holy hermit, in his cell,
With all his virtue, sends
No purer off'ring to the throne;
Nor with more rev'rence bends.

" But what avails th' enraptur'd heart,
Or what the soul sincere?
Despair may in my bosom rage,
And sorrow rankle there.

" For fortune, with her dimpl'd cheek,
And laughter-loving eyes,
Pour'd no rich honours in my cup,
Scarce bade the wretched rise.

" Alone, unheeded, down the tide,
The luckless youth may swim;
No swelling heart will reach the hand,
To raise him from the stream.

" Soon will the fates unrobe my soul,
And bid its fetters fly,
When clouds tumultuous, bursting, shall
Disclose a fairer sky."

And soon the fates unrob'd his soul;
His gentle spirit fled;
And the first lover, the first friend,
Lay number'd with the dead.

Wet is my cheek, weak is my heart,
I see thee on the sky;
Proud, round thee, on the airy cloud,
Ten thousand spirits fly.

CASTLE GRANT.

CASTLE GRANT.

O Castle Grant! thy bonny tow'rs
Shine o'er thy forests wide;
And Spey her roaring waters pours,
Fast by thy rocking side.

Thy western hills the morning sun,
Tints wi' his purple ray;
And, gloaming o'er thy eastern glens,
Pours braid her robe sae grey.

Nae mair sits in the armour'd hall,
The proud, the stalwart lord;
Nor threat'ning far around thy yett,
Flames high the bluidy sword.

Nae mair, within thy painted bow'rs,
The stately dame is seen;
Nor stain the vassals bluidy steps,
The bonny velvet green.

Now far and near th' unfurrow'd face,
Smiles o'er the hill and dale;
The lowing stalls meet the grey cock;
The gowan cleeds the vale.

The laughing lassie, by the stook,
She meets the laddie dear;
And trembling age leans on his staff,
Alang the burn sae clear.

O Castle Grant! thy bonny tow'rs
Far meet the langing eye;
Wide is thy yett, when dawning peeps,
When shuts the ev'ning sky.

Wi' gentlest heart, and openest hand,
Thy gen'rous chief he pours
Unstinted plenty, unmix'd joy,
Through a' thy ha's and bow'rs.

And safter still thy Lady fair,
And beauteous daughters, twine
The rosy garland that gives peace
To ev'ry brow but mine.

Nae courtly pride there chills the heart;
Nae lip to laugh and lie;
Grace decks the forms which nature trimm'd,
And truth sits singing by.

O I'll awa to Castle Grant,
And pu' the birk sae fine;
I'll see the rich rich social board,
And the red red social wine.

O I'll awa to Castle Grant,
And pu' the rose sae fair;
I'll see good beam frae beauty's eye—
I'll see my Anna there.

THE CUMMYNGE.

THE CUMMYNGE.

THE cruel Cummynge's bluidy sword
Hang sindle in his ha';
The minstrel's voice was never heard,
Within his castle wa'.

A' day at Rivvan howlets screicht,
And flapt around the tow'rs;
And midnight mirk, a thousand ghosts
Rais'd in its painted bow'rs.

Haf-sham'd it shaw'd its lofty tow'rs,
Amang the shrinking trees ;
Haf-sham'd the darksome rowan reek,
Fell mantling on the breeze.

The baron on a milk-white steed,
Whose huifs misken'd the ground,
In proudest guise pranc'd o'er the hills,
And gart the glens resound.

By yon burnside, whare the sweet birk
Perfumes the sunny brae,
The looesome Helen there he met,
Sae fair, sae young and gay.

'Whare gang ye, Helen, through the woods?
Your lane ye should na be;
The adder lurketh by the burn—
The wild boar by the tree.

'Whare gang ye, Helen, maiden fair?
O saft's thy bonny ee;
That face in Rivvan ay should shine;
O turn, and come wi' me.

'The gowd in Rivvan's stately ha's,
The pride shall a be thine;
And the bonniest lass on Spey's sweet banks
Shall bless thir arms o' mine.

'Turn, turn thee, Helen, sweetest maid,
O turn and come wi' me,
The boldest chieftain o' the north,
Stoops a' his pride to thee!'

"O na, O na, ye stalwart chief!
War Rivvan's lord a king,
In Rivvan's bonny painted bow'rs,
Shall Helen never sing.

"Short bluims the maiden in your ha's:
Whan dried your bluidy sword!
Whare dwell the ghosts o' maidens fair,
Wha blest dark Rivvan's lord?

" Awa, awa, thou dreadfu' chief!
Thou lord o' gloomy fame!
My heart dies in my lab'ring breast;
O let me, let me, hame!"

' Proud dame, wi' scorn meet ye my love;
Dark am I in your ee?
Come to my ha', or on this spear
Thy head shall gang wi' me.

' Shall Rivvan's chief, whase lifted sword
Ne'er fell aside a fae,
Shall he woo Helen by the burn,
And hame without her gae?'

Red fury glented frae his ee;
He dragg'd her o'er the plain;
And streaming tears, and deepest sighs,
Sought Cummynge's soul in vain.

"O Cummynge, Cummynge, spare, O spare!
In peace let Helen die!
At Rivvan's yett the bloody shrowd
Will surely welcome me."

An aged priest, frae Elgin's queir,
Slaw sped alang the wood;
The Cummynge's boist'rous voice he heard;
It never boded good.

" Thou dark-ey'd chief o' Rivvan's ha',
Ills gather in thy soul;
How long must Spey's reluctant glens
Thy bluidy footsteps thole!

" The aged warrior feels thy sword;
The tender maiden fears
Thy stolen steps; and every ee
Thou aft has steept in tears.

" Let Helen gang; her gentle heart
Was never made for thee—
Come, Helen, come, his bluidy arm
It dare na butcher me."

'Wretch! barks thy tongue in Cummynge's woods?'
The furious chief replied,
'Wha bade thee trust my haly arm,
And wha my rage deride?'

Syne high in air his sword it gleam'd;
The priest's bluid sprang around;
But Helen's heart the steel had pierc'd;
Her soul sang through the wound.

'Black be thy fate, thou cursed priest!
Thy bluid has dimm'd my ee;
Could na thy soul freeze on the blast,
And Helen lea'e wi' me?

'Thou'st met thy death; yet Helen's life
Thy red wound wont suffice,
Till Elgin's tow'rs rapt in the flames,
Shall scorch the morning skies.'

The stalwart chief syne blew his horn,
Deers start in ilka glen;
Craigow return'd the echoing blast
Of six score ruthless men.

Round Cummynge clos'd the clouded chiefs;
Their bluidy swords were drawn;
And round proud Elgin's battled tow'rs,
They met the misty dawn.

Out o'er the wa' the Cummynge sped:
Death sat on yon grey hill;
And holy bluid reek'd on his brand,
While there was bluid to spill.

Syne high the flames rag'd all around;
The sacred mansion groan'd;
And Cummynge's march'd to Rivvan's ha',
Nor Helen mair bemoan'd.

AN ADDRESS

TO THE

GOUT.

AN ADDRESS

TO THE

GOUT.

YEA! Gout! whare came ye limpin' frae?
Whase weel-tormented muckle tae,
Wi' mony curses did ye lea'e,
To rug at mine?
Their lugs, wha helpt ye up the brae,
Soon may they tine!

The devil's sell, frae whare he bikes,
And southers joints as stiff as pikes,
Has helpt you creepin' o'er the dykes,
To this misdeed;
Why did ye sleep, ye lazy tykes,
On midden-head?

They say, whare houghs o' deer and hare,
Whare routh o' wine coups o'er the chair,
Whare sang and laughter rive the air,—
This is nae bleddoch—
Weel like ye, yeeskin', to be there,
Though morn's a head-ach

They say, ye're fain o' laird and lord,
And merchant wi' his weel-lin'd hoard;
Ae tae o' sic could weel afford,
For days and ouks,
To keep you stent at bed and board,
Far frae poor fouks.

Your langest teeth there might ye lair,
And eat as lang as ye could stare,
Syne quaff till morning's yellow hair
Hang o'er the lift.
Wha wad na like but to be there
At sic a tift?

What sorrow then brought ye to me,
Wi' girnin' mou' and glowrin' ee,
Wise for yoursel, why did na ye
Look by the hallan,
And wi' your ain een, ruein', see
A waesome callan?

Ye'd seen a niz cockt like your ain;
A warlock ee, haf hid the stane,
A chin wi' huge expence o' bane;
A blinkin' leuk;
Like Colly's whan sair wet wi' rain,
In the peat neuk.

Nine lyart hairs hing o'er my brow;
Four stragglin' tusks had out my mou';
My carcase is some like a screw,
Weel maun ye tent it;
O let be sic a bonny dow!
Ye'll nae repent it.

See ye my houghs, how hard, how bare,
Some like my granny's elbow chair;
What ha'f-brunt diel wad steal the pair
To limp frae hell?
Then what the mischief brings you there,
Ye ken yoursel.

See ye my feet, O like what else,
They're fifty partons in themsells,
The heel's right learnt, yet never tells,
Whare tae should gang;
Will ye embroil, among sic spells,
Your cursed fang!

Can ye amang a thousand fleas,
Ten fernyears caff, and duddy claise,
Can ye lie down, syne after raise,
Wi' fell intent,
The muckle diel amang my taes,
Me to torment.

Had ye, or ye cam o'er the dale,
Spiert o' my cellars and my ale,
I wyte ye'd heard a bonny tale
O' brown and nappy;
It cam na frae Signora Thrale,
To mak fouks happy.

Had ance ye peept wi' haf an ee,
In auld aik press, and there to see
O' weel waxt corks but twa or three,
Wad ye been glad?
Wad twa pints whisky you and me
Sing aft to bed?

But pinch na yet just quite sae sair,
Ye'll gar me rug and rive my hair,
And thrash the bairnies in despair,
O bide awee!
Bide till the flannens I prepare;
It's wark for thee.

O had ye in the pantry peept,
And seen the beef sae saut, just steept,
And the poor tyke wha staw it whipt,
Ye'd ne'er again,
In o'er my thrashold, hirplin', creept,
Or I'm mista'en.

O Colly, tyke! had, had aback,
Your slumber there ye maunna tak,
Maun your poor kindness screw the rack,
Yon billy's makin';
Soon soon, I fear, braid on my back,
Ther'll be less crackin'.

Lend me your hand, gout! frae your crutch,
I hope the trouble is na much,
Syne dive it deep in my breek-pouch,
And tell it a';
I'll wad my mither's siller brotch
Ye'll gang awa.

Na faith ye—that's a dev'lish twitch!
Ha'e I nae tauld ye, I'm no rich?
Ye're roastin' at me like a witch—
O let me be!
O Lord confound the gruisome bitch;
I'll surely die.

O bide ye—na—I see your ee—
It bodes mischief and a' to me;
For days and ouks ha'e I to drie,
Nae glass, nae sang;
Syne muckle devil gang wi' thee,
Wha cares how lang!

Now sair ye lie, says Maister Gout,
But yet I winna stap your throat,
But for sax ouks, I'll wad a groat,
At Meldrum-ha',
A bonny yokin' we'se hae o't,
Atween us twa.

Sae, while ye can, gar speed the chaise;
Ye need na heed about your claise;
A routh o' heat, I soon will raise,
Wad scaud the moon;
Syne lie again o' banes and fleas,
Whan we ha'e doone.

TO PAULO.

POOR PAULO.

Caul', caul' aneath the drappin' buss,
O Paulo! still thou lies;
Deep scrap't the bairns thy wee bit grave,
An' wet it wi' their eyes.

Wi' wond'rous pains, a grassy turf
They frae the border rave,
Their fingers trim't it roun' and roun',
To deck their Paulo's grave.

Wi' mornin's dawn, an' e'ening's dew,
Their little feet are there;
An' aften on the rustlin' buss,
Descends the workin' tear.

Lang look they to the wee bit sod,
Their red red hands had tore;
Lang list they for thy frolic growl,
An' dream thy anticks o'er.

They canna think that dead—O dead!
Thou'rt mingl't wi' the clod;
Mournfu' an' aft they cry on thee,
An' tent the rising sod.

Fain wad they lift the grassy turf,
To see thy icy ee;
Pale horror chills their little hearts,
An' fast an' far they flee.

Mony's their questions o' thy death,
An' sair, an' deep they mourn;
But ay they think it is na sae,
An' greet for thy return.

I too, wi' ha'f deceivin' foot,
An' ha'f averted eye,
Aft pass the little whisp'rin' buss,
Whare thy poor ruins ly.

Nae mair thou tents my mornin' hour,
An' licks my sleepy eyes;
Nae mair thou cheers my e'enin' walk,
An' a' thy gambols tries.

Whan auld an' young aroun' the boord,
Wi' joy sat down to dine,
Thy head lay restin' on my knee,
Thy ee was fix't on mine.

The chip sae sma', the dish right bare,
The bane sair pykt an' wee,
Though ilka han' aroun' provok't,
Ware sweetest ay frae me.

But ah! disease met thy wee step;
It never clamb the hill;
A dreadfu' death struck thy young life,
An' low thou lies an' still.

Weeks heard thee groan, and saw thee writhe,
Wi' agonizin' pain;
An' pity shed her kindliest tears,
An' try't her pow'rs in vain.

Caul' lies thou, Paulo! caul', O caul',
Is thy dark dreary bed;
And, nae mair anguish't, 'neath the turf,
O still and low's thy head.

Sure a' is good—that wee bit heart
Sik tortures cou'd na drie,
Was thy last broken breath the last,
O' thy short life an' thee.

Nae angry spirit guides the whole;
Heav'n spreads its wond'rous wing—
The little whelp its waesome death,
May burst its turf, and sing.

ODES AND SONGS.

ODE TO THE MORNING.

All hail, blest Morning! on thy azure throne,
Who, with thy rosy fingers, wet with dew,
Gently withdraws night's studded, dusky, veil,
And holding nature by her purple zone,
Bids all her beauties burst upon the view;
Hail! Mighty Cherub, Hail!

To me, to man, renewed life thou brings;
Creation dances in thy gladd'ning eye;
O could I, little lark! ascend with thee!
Bear thou my incense on thy rustling wings,
And bid the beauteous Cherub of the sky,
Her spirit shed on me!

EDWARD AND ANNIE.

TUNE,

BONNY DUNDEE.

O DARK bursts the storm around my poor cottage,
The ghosts of the night sing dreary and wae;
The scad o' the moon wanders wild thro' the tempest,
The star shivers pale, and far, far's the day.
Ye children of night! deep and strong in my bosom
Ye wake your full pow'rs; O swimming's my ee;
The maid of my love—is she hov'ring among ye—
Return, thou fair spirit, my Annie! to me.

O open the latch, love! O open my Edward!
My winding sheet's thin, and cauld, cauld's yon grave;
O yon scull on my bosom—yon worms crawling o'er me—
I winna gae back, thou thy Annie maun save.
O open the latch, Edward, sair, sair I shiver,
Will morning nae mair break on thee, love! and me;
Ah, it breaks—O it's rosy—does the cauld grave forever
Drop the latchet—no, no—'tween thy Annie and thee

O no—thou wast loosome—the sigh of the maiden;
Thy heart shed its dew o'er mis'ry and wae;
Thy heart, O my grave! ev'n there my dreams sang thee
O Edward, my Edward! amang the cauld clay.

And comes thou, my love! then; yon blue cloud is
spreading;
We'll rise—O we'll rise—yon broad beam's for thee;
The grave yields its Annie—the sheeling its Edward—
It's morning forever to thee, love! and me.

We rise—O we rise—what's this in my bosom!
The dream o' the night never wander'd sae strong;
Yon star hides the earth; the broad gates of heav'n
Pour out all their glory, and welcoming song.
O Edward! nae mair shall the grave and the cottage,
At gloming or cockcraw the grey spirit see;
And the care-worn threshold where aft, aft we linger'd,
Shall never hear mair o' thy Annie and thee.

THE FORSAKEN SHEPHERD.

TUNE,

THE YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE.

THE sair-hearted Sandy aside the bare tree,
Sat sighing and sabbing, and the tear in his ee;
And though chill blew the blast, and fast fell the snaw,
He sang to the desart his lassie awa'.
O why are ye good, and why are ye fair?
My red swoln ee will see you nae mair;
Ye ha'e left me to weep, and ye ha'e left me to die;
And the lads a' around join in sorrow wi' me.

Nae mair on our hills will thy smiles chace awa'
The deep groan of grief, and the tears as they fa';
The pale furrow'd cheek in its want shall consume;
And the pipe shall be heard nae mair in the broom.
The lasses may sing and dance trim on the green,
When ye, O nae langer, amang them are seen:
The best form o' beauty nae mair shall divide
The bonny young lad and his bonny young bride.

But a' things bring sorrow and sadness to me:
My life drew its spark frae the beam o' thy ee;
Now it fails like the leaves strew'd alang the black burn,
Since my lassie wi' summer nae mair will return.

But ay be thou happy, and the best on the green
May thy bonny laddie ilk morning be seen ;
Though I maun lament to the rain and the snaw,
Thy charms and thy goodness forever awa'.

FAREWELL TO THE HIGHLANDS.

TUNE,

CAPTAIN O'KAIN.

Ye mountains sae grey, which hide the blue heavens;
Ye hills green wi' birk, and spangled wi' dew;
Ye rivers which mix your wild voice wi' the morning;
O must I, sweet Highlands! must I bid you adieu!
And thou, in thy forest's sae braid-mantling bosom,
Sweet cottage, whare pleasure and happiness dwell!
Must I, wet wi' tears, my bonny Kinrara!
O must I for ever—can I bid thee farewell!

Farewell then, dear Highlands—O farewell, Kinrara;
Ye sons of the hills, a long, long adieu!
How long your Maria O will ye remember,
Far parted I'll sigh on Kinrara and you.
Bleat on, then, ye lammies; and proud in your forests
Be thy steps, thou gay roe, and thine, bounding deer!
Sweet Spey, on thy banks, and thy far-gathering waters,
May happiness shine, and be mine the last tear.

MY MARY.

TUNE,

THE SILKEN SNOOD.

Now o'er the hill, and on the lough,
The simmer shines sae gairy;
The hunter stens o'er burn and brae,
And I'll gae see my Mary.
Ahint yon knowe I ken she sits;
Her ee peeps by the side o't;
I trow her heart is beating high—
O weel kens mine the bide o't.

O lassie! are ye in my arms!

Is this thy cheek sae looesome!

Is this thy lip! I hear thy heart—

O tak me to thy bosom.

Ye're a' my ain, my bonny dow—

I'll ay be thine my dearie—

And ae fain heart atween us twa',

Shall never never weary.

O GENTLE ZEPHYR.

TUNE,

LUBIN,

O GENTLE Zephyr, simmer's child,
Thou wantons through the rustling wild;
My flushing cheek, my moist'ning ee,
O cooling Zephyr, come and see!
Beat thou in peace, my throbbing heart;
Nor love nor time ha'e flung their dart;
My bosom rises——a' for thee,
O cooling Zephyr, come and see!

I'm weary, weary,—here could I

Sit by the stream saft murm'ring by,

Till ev'ning dew fell dank on me;

O cooling Zephyr, come and see!

Dead swims my eye—my heart—O dear!

What trouble's this—what's a' this steer?

O cooling Zephyr, come and see;

But bring yon bonny lad wi' thee.

KINRARA.

TUNE,

NIEL GOW.

RED gleams the sun on yon hill tap,
The dew sits on the gowan;
Deep murmurs through her glens the Spey
Around Kinrara rowan.

Whare art thou, fairest, kindest lass!
Alas wert thou but near me
Thy gentle soul, thy melting heart,
Wad ever ever cheer me!

The lav'rock sings amang the clouds;
The lambs they sport sae cheery;
While I sit weeping by the birk—
O whare art thou my dearie!
Aft may I meet the morning dew;
Lang greet till I be weary;
Thou canna, manna, gentle maid!
Thou canna be my dearie!

MY GRANNIE O.

TUNE,

MY NANNIE O.

O BRING mair wine, my bonny boy,
Gi'e me the flasks—how many O!
I like my wine—I love my lass—
Sae here's to bonny Nanny O
The wine's sae good—the lass sae fair,
And the day's baith cauld and rainy O,
Fill to the brim, an' ye be leal,
Fill to my bonny Nanny O.

The trinkling wine, fast through the veins,
Spreads life and glee sae canny O,
The rosy lass gilds a' wi' joy—
Sae here'e again to Nanny O.
Drink deep—love fast—unsonsy time
Peers down baith sour an' wanny O,
His trembling han' ca's o'er the glass,
An' we'll a' sleep wi' my granny O.

GEORDY AGAM.*

Bloody red's the path to glory;
Thick yon banners meet the sky;
O my Geordy, death's before ye,
Turn and hear my boding sigh.
Joy o' my heart, Geordy agam,
Joy o' my heart, Stu mo Rhune.

* It is singular this highland air fell into Mr Macneil's hands, nearly as it did into mine. L. G. G. when in the highlands, had met with the tune, and asked me to make verses to it. I attempted this, and in allusion to her noble brother, then with his regiment in H—d. A few days after it was written, and to the author's great uneasiness, the news arrived of his being wounded, from which he is not yet recovered.

Turn and see thy tartan plaidy,
Rising o'er my breaking heart;
O my bonny highland laddie,
Wae was I, with thee to part!
Joy o' my heart, Geordy agam,
Joy o' my heart, Stu mo Rhune.

But thou bleeds—O bleeds thou—beauty!
Swims thy eye in woe and pain;
Child of honour! child of duty!
Shall we never meet again!
Joy o' my heart, Geordy agam,
Joy o' my heart, Stu mo Rhune.

Yes, my darling, on thy pillow
Soon thy head shall easy ly ;
Soon upon the sounding billow,
Shall thy war-worn standard fly :
Joy o' my heart, Geordy agam,
Joy o' my heart, Stu mo Rhune.

Then again thy tartan plaidy,
Then my bosom free from pain,
Shall receive my highland laddie :
Never shall we part again !
Joy o' my heart, Geordy agam,
Joy o' my heart, Stu mo Rhune.

THE SHEELING.

TUNE,

THE MUCKING O' GEORDY'S BYRE.

O grand bounds the deer o'er the mountain,
And smooth skims the hare o'er the plain;
At noon, the cool shade by the fountain,
Is sweet to the lass and her swain.
The ev'ning sits down dark and dreary;
O yon's the loud joys of the ha';
The laird sings his dogs and his dearie;
O he kens na he's singing ava.

But, O my dear lassie, when wi' thee,
What's the deer and the maukin to me?
The storm souchin' wild drives me to thee,
And the plaid shelters baith me and thee.
The wide warld then may be reeling;
Pride and riches may lift up their ee;
My plaid haps us baith in the sheeling—
That's a' to my lassie and me.

THE LASS O' GARVAMORE.

TUNE,

IY GAR RUB HER O'ER, &c.

An' ye may pu' the birk on Yarrow;
Ye may pu' the rose on Tweed;
An' ye may mourn your lang-wist marrow;
Ye may at Caïro bleed:

Gi'e me Moncrain's saft purple heather;
Spey's sae wild unconstant roar;
My gun—my rod—we're a' thegether—
An' sweet Nell o' Garvamore.

Whan gloamin' comes, an' I am weary
Frae the toilsome bloody hill,
Aneath the birk my lass, nae eirie,
Charms the wild sae calm an' still.

She sings—she looes—sae kind, sae cheery,
She's a' affection o'er and o'er;
Blest be the birk, and blest my dearie,
My sweet lass o' Garvamore.

O'er soon, sweet Night! thy ending glory
Purples o'er the eastlin sky;
O'er soon, strong Sun! thy beam afore ye
Settles on my lassy's eye.

An' maun we part, thou sweetest woman!

Hear ye yon hounds—the dawin's o'er—

Ae kiss—ae sang—we'll meet at gloamin,

Bonny Lass o' Garvamore.

THE EWE-BUGHTS MARION.

O mind ye the ewe-bughts, my Marion,
It was there I forgather'd wi' thee;
The sun smil'd sweet oure the mountain,
And saft sough'd the leaf on the tree.

Thou wast fair, thou wast bonny, my Marion,
And looesome thy rising breast-bane;
The dew sat in gems oure thy ringlets
By the thorn when we were alane.

There we lov'd—there thou promis'd, my Marion,
Thy soul—a' thy beauties were mine:
Crouse we skipt to the ha' i' the gloamin'
But few were my slumbers and thine.

Fell war tore me lang frae thee, Marion,
Lang wat'ry and red was my ee;
The pride of the field but inflam'd me,
To return mair worthy of thee.

O ay art thou lovely, my Marion,
Thy heart bounds in kindness to me;
And here, O here is my bosom,
That languish'd, my Marion, for thee.

GLOSSARY.

GLOSSARY.

A.

A', *all*
Aback *away*
Abee, *not to do a thing*, let abee, *let alone.*
Aboon, *above, up.*
Ae, *one.*
Aefauld, *sincere, without guile.*
Aff, *off.*
Afore, *before.*
Aft, *oft.*
Aften, *often.*
Afterhind, *afterwards.*
Ahint, *behind.*
Ain, *own.*
Airt, *quarter of the sky.*
Aith, *oath.*
Aits, *oats.*
Aizle, *a hot cinder or ember.*
Alake, *alas.*
Alane, *alone.*
Amaist, *almost.*
Amang, *among.*
Amry, *a cupboard.*
Ance, *or* ains, *once.*
Ane, *one.*
Anew *or* aneugh, *enow or enough.*
Anither, *another.*
Asc, *ashes.*
Asteer, *abroad, stirring.*
Atry, *gloomy, a cankered sore.*
Aught, *eight, possession.*

Auld, *old.*
Ava, *at all.*
Aver *or* aiver, *a poor old horse.*
Awa, *away.*
Awn, *the beard of the barley.*
Awsome, *frightful, terrible.*
Awee, *a little.*
Ayont, *beyond.*

B

Ba', *ball.*
Backet, *a thing to carry out ashes in.*
Badrans, *a cat.*
Bade, *did bide.*
Bagrie, *trash.*
Baid, *staid, endured.*
Bain, *or* bane, *bone.*
Bairn, *a child.*
Ban, *curse.*
Bang, *a sudden effort to strike a severe blow.*
Bangster, *a blusterer.*
Bannock, *a very thick round oat cake, formerly baken before the fire, and leaning to a stone; hence* Bannock-stane.
Baps, *oat or barley bread raised with yeast.*
Barefit, *or* barfit, *barefooted.*
Barleyhood, *a drunken angr passion.*
Barm, *yeast.*
Bauk, *a beam, an unplough stripe of land between tw ridges.*
Bauch, *indifferent in manner.*
Bauld, *bold.*
Bawbee, *a halfpenny.*
Bawsant, *a horse with a whi face.*
Bawty, *a dog's name, or rath a general one for dogs.*
Be, to let be, *to give over.*
Bee, *a whim.*
Beizy, *dizzy with drink.*
Bedeen, *immediately, in haste*
Beit, *to add fuel to the fire.*
Befa', *to befall.*
Begaick, *to beguile.*
Begoud, *began.*
Behint, *behind.*
Beik *or* byke *to bask.*
Beild, *a place of abode, a war sheltered place.*
Bein, *wealthy, comfortable.*
Beit, *stir, to help, to repair.*

Bek, *a curt'sey.*
Beld, *bald.*
Beltan, *Rood-day.*
Belyve, *by and by.*
Ben, *the inner room.*
Bend, *draught, to drink.*
Bennison, *blessing.*
Bensal, *storm.*
Bent, *field, strong coarse grass.*
Beuk, *a book, baked.*
Bicker, *a wooden dish, a fight among boys, to run.*
Bigg, *barley soaked in water, and the husks beat off in a mortar, called the bigg-stane—in use before milled barley—to build.*
Biggings, *buildings.*
Biggonet, *a linen cap, a coif.*
Billie, *a brother, a familiar address of a friend.*
Binge, *to do obeisance, to fawn.*
Birk, *the birch tree.*
Birl, *to join in the payment of drink.*
Birns, *burnt heath, burdens.*
Birr, *force, flying with a whirring noise.*
Birse, *bruise.*
Bit, *a small thing, nick of time*
Blae, *pale-blue.*
Blastie, *a term of contempt.*
Blastet, *withered, also in contempt.*
Blate, *bashful.*
Blatter, *a rattling noise.*
Blaud, *a large flat piece of any thing.*
Blaw, *to blow.*
Bledoch, *buttermilk.*
Bleer, *watery-eyed, weeping, disease of the eyes.*
Bleeze, *blaze.*
Blinking, *smirking, uncertain light, like will o' wisp.*
Blither, *to talk foolishly.*
Blink, *a little while, a kind look, milk or beer a little soured, glancing light.*
Blinn, *blind, to cease.*
Blirt, *to weep.*
Bluegown, *one of these beggars, who have been soldiers, and who get annually on the king's birth-day, a blue cloak or gown, with a badge.*

Blob, *a drop.*
Bluid, *blood.*
Blutter, *a stupid fellow.*
Boak, boke *or* bock, *to retch, to vomit.*
Boal *or* bole, *a small press in the wall.*
Bobbit, *danced, curtesied.*
Bodle, *a small coin.*
Bonnie, bonny, *handsome, beautiful.*
Boord, *a board, a table.*
Boss, *empty, hollow.*
Bossy, *a turned timber dish, a bottle* O.
Bouk, *the carcase, bulk.*
Bouze, *to drink much.*
Bowkail, *cabbage.*
Bowdend, *swelled like the stomach after meat.*
Bower, *chamber.*
Bow't, *bent, crooked.*
Brae, *a declivity, sloping side of a small hill.*
Braid, *broad.*
Braird *or* brier, *the first sprouting of corn.*
Braichens *or* brakens, *fern.*
Brainge, *forcible action with noise.*
Brain'd, *killed, much hurt.*
Brander, *a gridiron of ribs.*
Brankin, *prancing.*
Branks, *a kind of bridle for country horses.*
Brany, *a mixed brownish red colour in cattle.*
Brash, *a sudden illness.*
Brats, *rags, a contemptuous name for children.*
Braw, *fine, gaudy.*
Breeks, *breeches.*
Breastit, *sprung forward.*
Breist, *bruised.*
Brent, *high, round and smooth.*
Brenn, *to burn.*
Brie, *juice, liquid.*
Brig, *a bridge.*
Briss, *to press.*
Broach, *a clasp.*
Brock, *a badger.*
Brogue, *a trick.*
Brochen, *gruel with honey and milk, and sometimes spirits in it.*
Brooe, *broth, soup, (two oo's sound like the French* u, *or, in the North, like the English* ee.)

Brooes *or* broose, *a race at a wedding who shall first reach the bridegroom's after the marriage,—to be first at the broth or dinner*—tak your broth, *the same as an invitation to dinner.*

Broddit, *spurred, pricked.*

Brook *or* bruik, *enjoy.*

Browden, *fond,*

Brownie, *a hobgoblin supposed to work by night.*

Browster, *a brewer.*

Bruilzie *or* bruliment, *a squabble among severals.*

Bruckle, *brittle.*

Buik, *baked, a book.*

Buff, *nonsense.*

Bught, *a small fold in which sheep are milked.*

Buird, *board.*

Buirdly, *stout and well made.*

Buist, *must, constrained.*

Buiss, *the stall of a cow.*

Buit *the same as* buist.

Buller, *to bubble as water from a spring.*

Bumbazed, *confused, confounded.*

Bumming, *bumming as bees.*

Bumler, *a blunderer.*

Bunker, *a small chest, as a seat; in a window.*

Bure, *did bear.*

Burn, *a brook.*

But, *or* bot, *without a thing, the outer room.*

Busk, *to deck, to dress.*

Byre, *a cow house.*

Bygane, *bypast.*

Byke, *a nest of bees.*

C

Ca', *to call, to drive as a cart, to name.*

Cadgie, *or* kedgy, *happy, cheerful.*

Cadger, *a low kind of carrier.*

Caff, *chaff.*

Caird, *a tinker, a term of reproach.*

Cairn, *a loose heap of stones.*

Callan, *a boy; in Galloway, a little girl.*

Caller, *fresh, sound, cool.*

Cam, *did come.*

Camseach, *ugly, crooked and ill natured.*

Camsteary, *cross tempered.*
Can, *ingenuity.*
Can, *a vessel to hold water or the like.*
Canna, *cannot.*
Cannie, *ingenious, mild.*
Cannilie, *of* cannie.
Cantrips, *spells, incantations, charms.*
Canty, *cheerful, merry.*
Capernoited, *whimsical, ill natured, capricious.*
Capestane, *copstone, a conclusion*
Car, *a draught machine, generally without wheels.*
Carena, *care not.*
Carle, *a respectable designation of an old man.*
Carline, *applied to a woman, but with less respect.*
Cast, *contrivance, knack.*
Cast up, *to upbraid.*
Cauld, *cold.*
Castocks, *the stalks of cabbages.*
Cauldrife, *spiritless,*
Cauller, *see* caller.
Caup *or* cap, *a small drinking wooden dish.*
Cauk, *chalk.*
Chafts, *the chops, the jaws.*
Chanter, *a part of the bag-pipe*
Chap, *a fellow, rather a con temptuous appellation, to strik gently.*
Chappin, *a chopin, a measure o drink, striking.*
Cheep, *to chirp.*
Chill, *or* tzill, *child.*
Chiel, *a term like* fellow, *some times respectfully and sometime contemptuously used.*
Chimla, *sometimes used for th grate, and sometimes for th chimney or lum.*
Chirm, *to talk pitifully, to chir and sing plaintively as a bir*
Chitter, *to shiver till the jaw tremble.*
Chow, *to chew.*
Chucky, *a hen, a familiar epi thet to a female acquaintance.*
Chuff, *a sulky fellow.*
Clachan, *a village near a church a hamlet.*
Claise *or* claes, *clothes.*
Claith, *cloth.*

Claithing, *clothing.*
Clan, *a tribe.*
Clatter, *to tell idle trifling stories.*
Claw, *to scratch.*
Clashes, *lies, idle stories.*
Claut, *a tool to gather ashes together, or to clean a byre or the like, to scrape.*
Claught, *took quickly hold of.*
Cleading *or* cleeding, *clothing.*
Clead, *or* cleed, *to clothe.*
Cleck, *to hatch.*
Cleek, *to catch as with a hook, to take by the arm.*
Cleuks, *the claws of a cat.*
Cleuk, *to catch briskly.*
Cleugh, *a cliff, a hollow between two rocks.*
Clinty, *hard, pointed.*
Clock, *a beetle.*
Clocking, *hatching.*
Cloit, *to fall softly or carelessly,*
Cloot *or* cluit, *the hoof of a cow, sheep, &c.*
Clootie, *an old cant word for the devil.*
Closs, *a small lane.*
Clout, *to patch.*
Clour, *a lump after a blow, also a hollow in a pan, or the like after a fall or stroke.*
Coble, *a fishing boat.*
Cockernony, *a young woman's hair gathered, and particularly fastened with a snood or fillet.*
Cod, *a pillow.*
Coft, *bought.*
Cog, *a wooden dish.*
Cogie, *a small wooden dish.*
Coggle, *to move backwards and forwards, like to fall.*
Colly, *a general name (sometimes particular) for curs.*
Cood *or* cude, *the cud.*
Coodie, *a small wooden vessel.*
Coof *or* cuif, *a silly stupid fellow.*
Coor *or* cuir, *to cower.*
Coor *or* cour, *stooping to conceal one's self, to creep along.*
Cooket, *appeared and disappeared by starts.*
Coost *or* cuist, *did cast.*
Cooser *or* cuiser, *a stallion.*
Cootie, *a wooden dish, fowls whose legs are feathered.*
Corby, *a raven.*

Cosh, *very intimate.*

Cosie, *warm, comfortable, sheltered, snug.*

Cotter, *a servant, but who has his own house and family.*

Couthy, *kind, loving, snug.*

Couter, *the coulter of a plough.*

Cow't, *cut short, cattle without horns.*

Cowe, *to terrify, to keep under, to lop or cut, a branch of withered heath, broom, &c. an imaginary thing to frighten children, or people timid by night.*

Cowp, *to tumble, to barter, a gang or riotous company, a favour or favourable bargain.*

Cowr, *see* coor *or* cour.

Cowt, *a colt.*

Crack, *chat, conversation, boast.*

Craig, *a rock, the neck.*

Craft, *croft.*

Crap, *the gizzard, what is thrown up by boiling whey, a top, a crop, did creep.*

Crankous, *fretful, captious.*

Cranreuch, *hoar-frost.*

Craw, *a crow, to crow.*

Creel, *a basket without a handl*

Creesh, *grease.*

Croil, *a crooked dwarf,*

Crood, *to coo as a dove.*

Crook, *a strong iron chain w which the pot is supported a bove the kitchen fire.*

Cronie, *a favourite acquaintanc a kind of potatoe.*

Croon, *a low hollow sound, hum a tune, the low sound bull makes.*

Crouckie, *a hump back.*

Crouse, *cheerful, courageous.*

Crove, *a cottage.*

Crowdie, *a kind of pottage.*

Crowlin, *crawling.*

Crummy, *a cow with shor crooked horns, a cow's name.*

Crump, *to chew hard things no sily, crimp, hard.*

Cryn, *to shrink.*

Cudeigh, *a bribe, a present.*

Culzie, *to entice, to flatter.*

Cummer, *to encumber, a gossi a midwife.*

Cunzie, *coin, money.*

Cummock, *a short staff with a crooked head*

Cun, *to taste, to learn, to know, to owe—I cun you nae thanks, I am not obliged to you.*

Curchy, *a curtsey, a kerchief.*

Curling, *a game played on the ice.*

Curler, *the player at this game.*

Curmurring, *a rumbling noise, applied chiefly to the noise made by the bowels.*

Curn, *a small parcel.*

Curpin, *the crupper.*

Curst, *cross, mischievously ill-tempered.*

Cushat, *the wood pigeon.*

Cuts, *lots.*

Cutty, *short, a short spoon.*

D

Dab, *a proficient.*

Dad, *to beat one thing against another, a large piece.*

Daffin, *rude merriment, wantonness, waggery.*

Daft, *merry, slightly mad, wanton,*

Dail, *or* dale, *a valley, a plain.*

Dander, *to wander.*

Dainty, *pleasant, good humoured, agreeable.*

Dang, *drove, thrust, excelled.*

Danton, *to affright.*

Darna, *dare not.*

Daud, *see* dad.

Daue, *listless.*

Dawty, *a darling, a great favourite.*

Dawt, *to fondle.*

Daurg *or* daurk, *a day's labour, used also contemptuously for a thing you do not value, as* a daurk for that!

Deave, *to deafen, to teaze.*

Deis *or* dace, *a raised seat behind the fire, in the kitchen, built of stone, a turf seat.*

Deleert, *delirious,*

Delting, *spoiling with kindness, as in the case of a child receiving too much attention.*

Delyverly, *immediately.*

Denk, *saucy.*

Dern, *secret.*

Derray, *jollity, tumultuous, merriment.*

Deval, *to desist.*

Devart, *stupid, without recollection.*
Devle, *a stunning blow.*
Dey, *a father, a dairy maid.*
Dicht, *decked.*
Dight, *to wipe, to clean, to make ready.*
Dike, *a rude stone wall round a field.*
Ding, *to worst, to excel.*
Dingey, *of a dirty colour.*
Dinn, *noise.*
Dinna, *do not.*
Dirdum, *uproar.*
Dirgie *or* dredgie, *a funeral festival.*
Dirl, *a smarting tremulous stroke or pain.*
Disjune, *breakfast.*
Dit, *to stop a hole with something soft, to shut up,—he ditted my mouth.*
Divvat, *a thin turf for covering houses.*
Divour *or* dyvour, *a bankrupt.*
Dizzen, *a dozen.*
Dochter, *daughter.*
Docken, *the herb dock.*
Doilt, *confused and silly.*
Doited, *the same as* doilt.
Doitrified, *the same as doilt.*
Dank, *moist.*
Donsie, *unlucky, affectedly neat, clean, ailing.*
Dool, *sorrow, pain, a mark to hit at a game, the pin which joins fellies of a cart.*
Doofart, *a dull fellow.*
Dorts, *a proud pet.*
Dorty, *proud, conceited, saucy, nice.*
Dosend, *stiff and weak with cold.*
Douce *or* douse, *sober, wise, prudent.*
Dought *or* docht, *could, was able.*
Douks, *dives under water.*
Doure, *sullen, stubborn, stout, durable.*
Down, *low, level land, hilly in England.*
Dow, *am able, a dove, a favourite.*
Dowf, *hollow, wanting vivacity.*
Dowie, *ailing, frail, melancholly.*

Downa, *am not able.*
Dowght, *was able, could.*
Dowp, *the backside, the end of a candle.*
Drammock, *a kind of food.*
Draff, *brewers grains.*
Draket, *draggled, bespattered.*
Drant, *to speak slow.*
Dree *or* drie, *to suffer to endure.*
Dreep, *to ooze or drop slowly.*
Dreery *or* dreary, *wearisome, frightful.*
Dreich *or* dreigh, *slow, tedious.*
Dribble, *a small quantity of any liquid, to run slowly.*
Drift, *a drove, snow driven by the wind.*
Drizzle, *small soft rain.*
Drouked, *drenched, all wet.*
Drouth, *excessive thirst.*
Drumly, *muddy.*
Dub, *mire.*
Duds, *tattered garments.*
Dung, *defeated, driven.*
Dunt, *a stroke, the noise made by a stroke.*
Durk *or* dirk, *a dagger.*
Dyvour, *see* divour.
Dush *or* dulsh, *to push as a calf to butt*
Dynels *or* dinnels, *the same as* dirls.

E

Eam, *uncle.*
Eard, *earth.*
Ee, *the eye,*
Een, *the eyes.*
Eenen, *evening,*
Eebrie, *eye-brow.*
Eerie, *frighted, dreading spirits or ghosts.*
Eild, *age.*
Eildens, *of the same age.*
Eistlin, *eastern.*
Eith, *easy.*
Elbuck, *the elbow.*
Eldritch, *ghastly, frightful, hideous, unlucky.*
Elfshot, *bewitched, shot by fairies.*
Elson *or* elison, *a shoemaker's awl.*
Elwan, *a measure of length.*
Enlang, *along, at full length.*
Ergh, *scrupulous, shy.*
Erst, *time past.*

Etnoch, *the juniper.*
Ettercap, *a wasp.*
Ettle, *to aim, to design.*
Even'd, *compared, straightened.*
Eydent, *diligent, constant.*

F

Fa', *fall, a trap, lot.*
Fae, *a foe,*
Fadge, *coarse thin bread raised with yeast, a fat person.*
Faem, *foam.*
Fairin, *a present at a fair, sometimes in an opposite sense, I'll give him his fairin, I'll thrash him.*
Fail, *the surface of a smooth field, thick cut turf for building temporary inclosures or houses.*
Fait *or rather* feat, *neat either in person or dress, spruce.*
Fand, *did find.*
Fake, *a plaid, to fail, to spare.*
Fairfa, *when we wish well to one.*
Farrand, auld farrand, *wise beyond one's years.*
Farlie, *term of contempt, to wonder.*
Farnyear, *last year.*
Farle, *the quarter of an oaten cake baked round.*
Fash, *to vex, to trouble.*
Fathrals, fattrils, *ribbon ends, &c.*
Faugh, *a pale colour, fallowed field.*
Fauld, *a fold.*
Faut, *fault.*
Feat, *see* fait.
Fecht, *a fight.*
Feckfu, *stout, well-grown.*
Feckless, *weak, puny, rather in poor health.*
Feeryfary, *a stir, a bustle.*
Feid, fead, feed, *or* fead, *hatred, lasting enmity.*
Feint, *feint a bit, never a bit, a little oath.*
Feir, *a companion, equal, one of the same age, sound, healthy.*
Fell, *to kill, keen, biting the true skin—between the fell and the flesh, cheese of a sharp spicy taste, high rugged hills, in some places a level field on the top or side of a hill. Very* —fell hard, *very hard.*

Feinzie, *to feign.*

Fen, *shift, to live industriously and comfortably.*

Ferlie, *see* farlie.

Fernzier, *see* farnyear.

Fey *or* fee, *one doing a thing so much unlike himself, that it seems ominous of short life, he will not live long.*

Fey, *a small field enclosed round the farmer's ha' of ten or twenty acres kept in constant crop by means of dung, fallow &c.*

Fidge, *to be restless, to roll or toss about, either with pain or joy.*

File, *to dirty.*

Fin', *to find, to feel.*

Fire-fang'd, *scorched with the fire.*

Fireflaught, *a broad sheet of lightning.*

Fissle, *to stir with a rustling noise.*

Fit, *the foot.*

Fizz, *to make a hissing noise.*

Flae-lugged, *light headed* q. d. *he has a flea in his ear.*

Flaff, *moving quick, even disturbing the air, as birds do with their wings.*

Flam, *to sprinkle roasting meat with its own fat.*

Flane, *an arrow.*

Flaughter, *a thin pared turf, see* divvat.

Flaw, *a harmless lie, a fib.*

Fleet, fleit, *afraid.*

Fleetch, *to importune in a supplicating and flattering manner.*

Fleg, *a fright, a blow.*

Flether, *to decoy by fair words, to talk idly.*

Fley, *to frighten.*

Fleyt, *afraid as of ghosts.*

Flechter, *to flutter like a young scared bird.*

Fleume, *phlegm.*

Flinders, *splinters.*

Flisk, *to be restless, to fret.*

Flit, *to remove.*

Flite *or* flyte, *to scold, to chide.*

Floucht, *doing a thing in a thoughtless hurry, flutter.*
Flowks *or* flukes, *flounders.*
Flushy, *wet miry ground.*
Flype, *a piece, to pull off any thing, as you turn down a stocking by the head.*
Fog, *moss.*
Foosh, *did fetch.*
Fooshty, *musty.*
Forbears, *forefathers.*
Forby, *besides, uncommonly.*
Forefairn, *bespattered with something disagreeable.*
Forfochten *or* forfoughten, *weary, faint, exhausted with any exercise, especially fighting.*
Forgainst, *opposite to.*
Forgather, *to meet, to encounter.*
Forgie, *to forgive.*
Forjasket, *jaded, worn out.*
Forlethie, *a disgust from taking too much.*
Forleet, *to forsake.*
Forspoken, *one soon to die, bewitched.*
Forthy, *forward, presuming.*
Fou, *tipsey, nearly drunk.*
Fouth, *abundance.*
Fow, *a corn fork.*
Fozy, *spungy, soft.*
Frae, *from.*
Fraise, *to flatter, to say more about a person, or a thing, than the time will justify, in the manner of a weak sycophant.*
Freik, *an impertinent fellow.*
Freits, *lucky or unlucky omens, or proverbial observations, implicating something supernatural.*
Fremit, *strange.*
Fristed, *trusted.*
Frush, *brittle.*
Fu', *full.*
Fud, *the tail of a hare.*
Fuff, *to blow interruptedly.*
Fumbler, *an impotent man.*
Fun, *frolic.*
Furr, *either the furrow thrown, or the space it occupied.*
Fure, *fared, walked smartly.*
Furthy, *see* forthy.
Fyke, *to be restless, caring about trifles.*

Fush, *brought*—fushty, *musty.*

G

Gab, *the mouth, to speak pertly.*
Gabbocks, *large mouthfuls.*
Gabberlunzie, *a beggar with his wallet over his loins.*
Gae, *to go.*
Gaed, *went—gaeing, &c.*
Gafaw, *hearty, loud laughter.*
Gait, *a goat.*
Gang, *to go.*
Gar, *to compel.*
Gare, *greedy,*
Garten, *garter.*
Garth, *an inclosure, or the brush-wood which forms it.*
Gary, *shining, bright.*
Gash, *smartly sagacious, forwardly talkative.*
Gate, *manner, strut, way or road.*
Gaucy, *or* gausy, *honest, jolly, buxom.*
Gawn, *going.*
Gawky, *a conceited foolish person.*
Gear *or* geir, *wealth, goods, accoutrements.*
Geck, *to toss the head in wantonness, or scorn.*
Geed, *went, gave.*
Ged, *a pike (a fish)*
Gentles, *gentry.*
Genty, *handsome, neat, genteel.*
Get *or* geet, *a child, generally in contempt.*
Ghaist, *ghost.*
Gie, *to give,*
Giff, *if.*
Gigglet, *a trifling idly laughing young person.*
Gill, *a piece of smooth water.*
Gilly, *a servant.*
Gimmer, *a young sheep.*
Gin, *if.*
Girdle, *a gridiron.*
Girn, *to grin ill-naturedly or fantastically, to fret; also a snare to catch fish or birds.*
Girth, *a hoop.*
Glaikit, *idle, thoughtless*—got the glaiks, *beguiled.*
Glaiks, *an ingenious contrivance of small pieces of wood, difficult to be taken asunder.*
Glaid *or* glade, *a kite.*

Glamour *or* glaumer, *deception of sight, when there is an intention of fascination.*
Glar, *dirt mire.*
Gleed, *a small fire.*
Glee *or* gley, *to squint.*
Gleg, *sharp, quick, active.*
Glen, *a narrow valley between mountains.*
Glit, *smooth-tongued.*
Glint *or* glent, *to peep, to shine at times.*
Gloamin, *the twilight.*
Gloom, *to scowl, or frown.*
Glowr, *to stare, to look stern or frightful.*
Glunsh, *to hang the brow, to grumble.*
Goolie, *a large knife that does not fold.*
Gorlings, *young unfledged birds.*
Goukit, *simply foolish.*
Gowan, *the daisy.*
Gowd, *gold,*
Gowden, *golden.*
Gowf, *a kind of game.*
Gowk, *a cuckoo, a foolish person.*
Gowl, *to howl.*
Gowsty, *ghastly, hollow sounding, frightful, desolate.*
Grape *or* graip, *to feel, a stable rake.*
Grain *or* grane, *to groan.*
Graith, *accoutrements, furniture, dress.*
Granny, *grandmother.*
Great, *intimate, familiar.*
Gree, *to agree, victory, a prize.*
Green, *to wish for.*
Greet, *to weep*—grat, *wept.*
Grip, *to hold fast.*
Gritt, *thick, as of a tree.*
Groats, *oats dressed as barley, and used in the same way in broths—perhaps superior.*
Groff, *coarsely ground.*
Grouff, *lying on the belly.*
Grousom, *frightsome, loathsomely ugly.*
Grozet, *a gooseberry.*
Grumph, *to make a noise like a sow,*
Grutten, *rather* forgrutten, *one that has wept till they are exhausted.*
Grushie, *thick, fat.*

Gryse, *a pig.*
Guidman, guidwife, *the master and mistress of the house.*
Gumtion, *good sense—rumgumtion.*
Gurly, *rough cold weather.*
Grunzie, *the snout.*
Gutters, *mire.*
Gysen'd, *a wooden dish shrunk till it leaks.*
Gyts, *young goats.*
Gytlings, *young children.*
Gymp, *slender, genteel.*

H

Ha', *hall, a principal farm house, an abiding place.*
Hae, *to have.*
Had, *to hold, to await, to stop.*
Haffet, *the side of the head.*
Hafflins, *nearly the half.*
Haggis, *a Scotch dish.*
Hained, *spared, saved.*
Haining clothes, *clothes laid by till others are used, or for great days.*
Hairst, *harvest.*
Hals *or* hase, *the throat.*
Haly, *holy.*
Halucket, *weak, crazy.*
Hallan, *a particular wall in a cottage.*
Hame, *home.*
Hamely, *frank, affable.*
Hap, *a covering, to wrap, to hop.*
Hartsom *or* heartsome, *comfortable, pleasant.*
Hash, *a stupid fellow.*
Hassok, *a straw cushion, to relieve a weight on the head.*
Haugh, *a rich valley along a river.*
Haurl, *to drag.*
Haverel, *a half witted person.*
Havins, *good manners, decorum.*
Healsom, *healthful.*
Hearse, *hoarse.*
Heather, *heath.*
Hcht *or* hecht, *foretold, premised.*
Heft, *the handle of a knife, the place a man, more particularly a beast, is attached to.*
Heeze, *to raise, to lift up.*
Herd, *to tend flocks, also the person who tends them.*

Heck, *a rack, part of a spinning wheel.*
Herry, *to plunder.*
Hesp, *a clasp.*
Het, *hot.*
Heugh, *a rock over the sea, a coal-pit.*
Hidlings, *secret.*
Hilch, *to hobble, to halt.*
Hing, *to hang.*
Hirple, *to walk infirmly.*
Hirsal *or* hissel, *a number or quantity indefinite.*
Histy, *dry, chapt, barren.*
Hizzy, huzzy—*rather a term of kindness.*
Hool, *husk.*
Hooly, *slow, take leisure.*
Host, *to cough.*
Howdie, *a midwife.*
Howe, *a hollow, a piece of ground between or among small heights, or by a brook.*
Howk, *to dig, to delve.*
Howms *or* hoams, *level ground by river sides.*
Howt! *the same as* fy!
Howtowdy, *a young fat hen.*
Hoy, *to urge.*
Hoyse, *to pull upwards.*
Hoyte, *to amble crazily.*
Hurkle, *to crouch together.*
Hurdies, *the loins and upper part of the thighs.*
Hut, *a hovel.*
Hyte *or* hite, *foolishly rash, bordering on madness*—Gite *is applied in the same manner.*

I

I' *a local abbreviation for in.*
Ier-oe, *a great grandchild.*
Ilk, ilka, *this, each, every.*
Ingle, *a fire.*
Irie, *see* eerie.
I'se, *I shall.*
I'll, *I will.*
Isles, *see* aizles, *hot embers; perhaps Shakespeare's eisles.*
Ither, *other.*

J.

Jade, *a familiar term for a giddy girl.*
Jauk, *to trifle by the way, to dally.*
Jaup, *a girk of water, especially dirty water.*

Jaw, *a strong wave of the sea, also coarse raillery.*

Jie, *to incline to one side, as horses in the yoke.*

Jimp, *see* gymp.

Jo, *sweetheart, an address of kindness.*

Jowk, *to stoop, to turn a corner speedily, to get rid of one.*

Jundie, *to jostle.*

Junt, *a large clumsy piece of any thing.*

Jute, *dead ale, any insipid thing.*

Jupe, *a great coat, to mock or taunt.*

K.

Kae, *a daw.*

Kail *or* kale, *colewort, also a kind of broth.*

Kebbuck, *a cheese.*

Keckle, *to make a noise like a hen.*

Kedgy, *heartily, happy, and jovial.*

Keek, *a sly peep.*

Keel, *red chalk.*

Kemp, *to strive on a harvest ridge.*

Kelpies, *evil spirits of the waters.*

Kent, *a long staff.*

Kepp, *to catch suddenly, to meet, to stop.*

Kilted, *tucked up.*

Kimmer, *a familiar female acquaintance.*

Kirn, *a churn, also the harvest home.*

Kirtil, *a close gown with an upper petticoat.*

Kist, *a chest.*

Kitchen, *any thing eaten along with bread or pottage, as milk, beer, fish, flesh—it is similar to the oil, and dried fruit given to the Roman slaves to eat, along with their allowance of bread.*

Kith, *kindred.*

Kitt, *a deep wooden vessel.*

Kittle, *to tickle, difficult.*

Kittlin, *a young cat.*

Knacky, *witty, cunning, ingenious.*

Knag, *a pointed piece of wood to hang any thing on.*

Knaggy, *like points of rocks.*
Knaips *or* kneeps, *knaves, trifling stupid fellows.*
Knoit, *to strike.*
Knoost *or* knuist, *a large lump.*
Know, *a hillock.*
Kneeblock *or* knewlock, *a small quantity.*
Ky, *cows.*
Kyth, *to appear, to prosper.*
Kyte, *the belly.*

L

Laggert, *bespattered.*
Laggin, *the edge of a dish or vessel.*
Laigh, *low.*
Lair, *learning, sinking in mire or snow.*
Laith, *loath.*
Laithfu', *bashful.*
Laits, *gestures.*
Lallans, *lowland Scotch.*
Landart, *of the country, vulgar.*
Landart, *rustic, up the country.*
Lane, *or* alane, *myself, alone.*
Lanely, *lonely.*
Langsom, *tedious, tiresome.*
Lang kail, *coleworts uncut boiled.*
Langsyne, *long ago.*
Lap, *did leap.*
Lapper'd, *curdled.*
Lave, *the rest, the remainder, the others.*
Lavrock, *the lark.*
Lawty, *justice, fidelity, honesty.*
Lea'e, *to leave.*
Leal, *loyal, true, honest.*
Leam, *flame.*
Lee, *unplowed land, land of the first year's plowing, a green field, a warm sheltered place.*
Lee-lang, *live-long.*
Lee, *to tell a lie.*
Leeze me, *a phrase of sympathy, or endearment.*
Leoud, *ignorant.*
Leugh, *did laugh.*
Leuk, *a look.*
Leglen, *a milking pail.*
Lew *or* leu-warm, *lukewarm.*
Libb, *to geld.*
Lick, *to whip, to beat, to strike, a smart fellow.*
Lidder, *listless.*
Lift, *the sky or firmament.*
Ligg, *to ly.*

Lightly, *or* deslightly, *to sneer, to despise.*
Lilt, *a quick tune, to sing.*
Limmer, *a giddy girl, a bad woman.*
Limp, *to halt, to walk lame.*
Lin, *a waterfall.*
Ling, *to walk quick and equal.*
Lingle, *a small cord, a shoemaker's thread.*
Link, *to trip along.*
Links, *the bendings of a river, green ground overflowed by the tides.*
Lint, *flax.*
Lintwhite, *a linnet.*
Lippen, *to trust.*
Lire, *the breasts.*
Lirk, *a wrinkle.*
Lisk, *the groin.*
Lith, *a joint.*
Loor, *or* luir, *the breasts, wished.*
Loan, *the fold for cows, and where they are milked.*
Loch, *a lake.*
Loo *or* looe, *love, to love.*
Loof, *the inside of the hand.*
Looms, *applied to tools of any kind.*
Loot, *to stoop, did let.*
Loon, *a young boy, a soft lad, a rogue.*
Loor, *to creep stoopingly along, an angry look.*
Loughter, *as much as the left hand can carry alone, when reaping, sometimes almost to fill a sheaf.*
Loup, *to leap.*
Lowe, *flame.*
Lown, *calm, without wind.*
Lowse, *to loose.*
Lug, *the ear, the handle of a dish.*
Luggie, *a small wooden dish with a handle.*
Lukken, *joined like the toes of a duck.*
Lucky, *grandmother.*
Lum, *the chimney.*
Lunch, *a piece of cheese or the like.*
Lurdan, *a lazy sot.*
Lusty, *amiable, stout made and plump.*
Lyart, *of a mixed grey colour.*
Lythe, *warm and sheltered, to*

stir together, as in making pottage.

Lythy, *of a thick consistence.*

M

Mae, *more in number.*

Maik, *an equal, a comrade.*

Mailin, *a farm.*

Mair, *more in quantity.*

Maist, *most.*

Maister, *urine.*

Makly, *handily, seemly.*

Maksna, *it is no matter.*

Malison, *a curse.*

Mammie, *mother, nurse.*

Manteel, *a mantle.*

Marrow, *match, wife, one of two things alike; as* marrow of a buckle.

Mashlum, *mixed corn.*

Mask, *to infuse.*

Maukin, *a hare.*

Maun, *must.*

Mavis, *a thrush.*

Maw, *to mow.*

Mawster, *a mower.*

Mawn, *a large basket without a handle.*

Meikle, *or* muckle, *much.*

Melder, *a quantity of meal making at the mill.*

Mell, *to meddle, a large mallet.*

Meith, *a mark, sign, limit.*

Men', *to mend, to amend.*

Mense, *good manners, to try.*

Menseless, *rude, ill-bred, gluttonous.*

Menzie, *a large company of men, or followers, an army, assembly, a confused crowd.*

Midden, *a dung-hill.*

Midge, *a gnat.*

Mim, *prim.*

Mill *or* mull, *a snuff box or horn.*

Minny, *mother.*

Mint, *to aim, to endeavour.*

Mirk, *very dark.*

Misca', *to misname, to abuse.*

Misken, *to forget or neglect, from pride, an acquaintance, a phrase for desiring one to desist, or let alone.*

Misleert, *mischievous.*

Misters, *wants, necessities.*

Mittens, *worsted gloves.*

Mither, *mother.*

Moch, *to grow musty.*

Moil, *labour.*
Mools, *or* muils, *rich crumbly earth, the grave.*
Mool, *to crumble, to be familiar with.*
Mony, *many.*
Moup, *to chew like an old man without teeth.*
Morn, *to-morrow.*
Moss, *where turf is cut and dried for fuel.*
Mou', *the mouth.*
Mow, *a pile or bing of oats, or the like.*
Mowdewort, *the mole.*
Mowes, *jokes.*
Moyen, *influence.*
Muck, *dung.*
Muckle *see* meikle.
Mug, *a large sheep, the ram without horns.*
Murrach, *shell-fish in general.*
Murgulied, *mismanaged, spoiled.*
Mutch, *a female head-dress.*

N

Na, *no, not, nor.*
Nacky *or* knacky, *clever, active in small things.*
Nae, *no, not.*
Naebody, *nobody.*
Naething, *nothing.*
Naig, *a horse.*
Nane, *none.*
Natch, *a notch.*
Nave, *not spoiled.*
Navity, *a peculiar fitness of expression.*
Neese, niz, *or* naise, *the nose, to sneeze.*
Nief *or* niv, *the hand shut.*
Niefu', neivefu' *or* nivfu', *a handful.*
Neist, *next.*
Neuk, *a corner.*
Nevel, *a blow.*
Newfangled, *fond of new things.*
Nick, *to cut, to cheat, to hit the time proper.*
Niffer, *to exchange.*
Nip, *to bite with the teeth or nails.*
Nit, *a nut.*
Nither, *to straiten.*
Nocht, *nothing.*
Nock, *a small notch.*
Nook *or* nuik, *see* neuk.

Norland, *of, or belonging to the north.*
Nourice, *a nurse.*
Nowt *or* nolt, *black cattle.*

O

O' *of.*
O'er *or* oure, *or* ower, *over, too much.*
Oe, *or* oy, *a grand child.*
O'ercome, *overplus.*
O'erputt, *to overcome, to get over a difficulty.*
Ony, *any.*
Or, *ere, before.*
Orpe, *to fret.*
Orra, *something over, without an owner, without any to take notice of one.*
Ought, aught, *any thing.*
Oughtlens, *in the least.*
Ourie, *shivering, drooping.*
Oursels, *ourselves.*
Outler, *a beast that lies in the fields during winter.*
Owk, *a week.*
Owre, *see* o'er.
Owrlay, *a cravat.*
Owsen, *oxen.*
Owther, *either.*
Oxter, *the armpit, beneath the arm.*

P

Pack, *intimate, a connected set of bad people.*
Paddock, *a frog.*
Paddling, *children running among shallow water.*
Paiks, *chastisement.*
Pang, *to cram.*
Partans, *crab fish.*
Partrik, *a partridge.*
Pat, *did put.*
Pattle, *a plough-staff.*
Paughty, *proud, haughty.*
Pauky, *sly, cunning.*
Pay, *to whip a child,* well-paid, *severely beat.*
Pearlings, *lace.*
Pech *or* pegh, *to pant, to breathe short and with difficulty.*
Peer, *to peep over.*
Peets, *boggy turf dried for burning.*
Pensand, *thinking.*
Pensy, *finical, foppish, conceited, overweening.*

Perfyte, *perfect.*
Perqueir, *correct, by the book.*
Pet, *a favourite, a fondling, a peevish fit.*
Phraise, *a fair speech, flattery.*
Pickle *or* puckle, *a small quantity.*
Pibroch, *martial music on the bagpipes.*
Pig, *an earthen jar.*
Pike, *to pick, to steal trifling things.*
Pine *or* peen, *pain.*
Pillion, *a coarse saddle stuffed with straw.*
Pit, *to put.*
Pith, *strength, force.*
Plack, *a Scotch coin, a mere trifle.* Plackless, *poor, without means.*
Plaid, *cross striped woolen cloth, the covering made out of this cloth.*
Ply, *a debate, a quarrel.*
Plisky, *a trick.*
Plouky-faced, *much pimpled.*
Pocks, *small bags.*
Pocky, *a very small bag.*
Poortith, *poverty.*
Popling, *the noise and motion of boiling water.*
Porridge, *pottage.*
Pou *or* pu', *to pull.*
Pouk *or* puk, *to pluck.*
Pouch, *a pocket.*
Pousie, *a hare or cat.*
Pout, *to take offence, the young of fowls, to push with the feet.*
Pow, *the poll, the head.*
Pownie, *a little horse.*
Preen, *a pin, a thing of no value.*
Prets, *tricks,*
Prie *or* Prieve, *to taste, to prove.*
Prig, *to cheapen.*
Propine, *a gift.*
Putt the stone, *a game—who can throw a heavy stone farthest.*

Q

Quak, *to quake, to make a noise like a duck.*
Quat, *to quit.*
Queed, *a small tub.*
Queir, *a choir, a part of a church or cathedral.*

Quey, *a young cow.*

R

Rack, *a place to dry cheese upon, a shallow place in a river.*

Rackless, *careless.*

Rae, *a roe.*

Raffin, *merry, hearty.*

Raird, *a loud sound.*

Rair, *to roar, to make a loud crashing noise.*

Raith, *a quarter of a year.*

Rampauge, *to speak and act furiously.*

Rantin, *joyous, jolly.*

Rape *or* raip, *a rope.*

Rarely, *excellently.*

Rash, *a rush.*

Ratton, *a rat.*

Raucle, *rash, fearless.*

Raught, *reached.*

Rauk *or* rook, *mist or fog.*

Rave, *did rive or tear.*

Raw, *a row.*

Rax, *to stretch, to stretch out in yawning, to reach out for a thing.*

Ream, *cream.*

Reck, *to care for.*

Redd, *to advise threateningly, to unravel, to part people in a fray, apt and quick, clean and neat.*

Rede, *a fight.*

Red-wood, *stark-mad.*

Ree, *half drunk.*

Reek, *to reach, smoke.*

Reest, *to dry in smoke.*

Reestit, *withered (contemptuously) stood restive.*

Reft, *tore, bereft, robbed, carried off.*

Reef, *rapine.*

Reik *or* rink, *a course for races or curling.*

Revel'd *or* ravel'd, *entangled.*

Rever, *a robber or pirate.*

Rew *or* rue, *to repent.*

Rewth, *pity.*

Rice, *dried bushes or under wood.*

Rifarts, *radishes.*

Rife, *abundant.*

Ree, *a place into which the Ewes are driven to be milked, or where all are collected to be shorn or some picked out.*

Rift, *to belch.*

Rig, *a ridge.*
Riggin, *the roof of a house.*
Rin, *to run.*
Rink, *see* reik.
Rippet, *a noisy strife.*
Ripples, *pain in the back.*
Risp, *to make a noise like a rasp or file.*
Rive, *to tear, to rend, to split, to burst.*
Rock, *a distaff.*
Rood, *the cross.*
Roon *or* rune, *a shred.*
Roose *or* ruise, *to extol with flattery.*
Roupet, *hoarse.*
Row, *to roll, to wrap.*
Rowan, *rolling.*
Rowt, *to low, to bellow.*
Rowth, *plenty.*
Rude, *the tint of a fine complexion.*
Rueſu', *doleful.*
Rug, *a coarse covering, to pull.*
Rumple, *the rump, to tumble one's clothes.*
Rung, *a cudgel.*
Runkle, *a wrinkle, to ruffle.*
Runt, *the stem of a cabbage, &c.*

S

Sae, *so.*
Saebeins, *seeing it is so, since.*
Saft, *soft.*
Saip, *soap.*
Saikless, *guiltless, forsaken.*
Sair, *sore, much, to serve.*
Sang, *a song.*
Sark, *a shirt.*
Saugh, *the sallow tree.*
Saul, *soul.*
Saut, *salt.*
Saw, *to sow.*
Scad, *to scald, the faint gleam of the evening sky;* heart-scad, *the heart burn; when one is defeated in their purpose, he is said* to have got the heart-scad at it; *to give a hasty heat to any liquid.*
Scant, *scarce.*
Scart, *to scratch vehemently.*
Scawpy, *bare stoney ground.*
Scaw, *the scald head in children, to fade in colour and become of different colours,*
Schaw *or* shaw, *a grove.*

Scawl, *to scold.*
Scawr, *to affright.*
Scayth, *damage, hurt.*
Scon, *thin bread made of barley flour.*
Sconn, *to whip a child on the buttocks.*
Sconner *or* scunner, *a disgust, loathing.*
Scoul, *to frown.*
Scowp, *to move hastily from one place to another, a blow.*
Scowth, *room, freedom.*
Scraick, *to scream.*
Scraw, *a tattered thing.*
Screech *or* skreigh, *to screech.*
Screed, *to tear, a rent.*
Scrieve, *to glide swiftly along.*
Scrimp, *narrow, pinched, too little.*
Scrogs, *thorns, briars, and the like.*
Scuds, *well made small beer,—he trips along sometimes out of sight in the evening.*
Scunner, *see* sconner.
Seely, *lucky, happy.*
Sel, *self.*
Seuch *or* sheugh, *a furrow, a small ditch.*
Sey, *to try.*
Scybow, *a young onion.*
Shan, *pitiful, silly, poor.*
Shangan, *twisted twigs, shangy, twisted.*
Shanks, *small limbs.*
Shanks-naigie, *on foot (in ridicule.)*
Sharn, *cow's dung.*
Shave, *a slice.*
Shauve, *to sow.*
Shaw, *see* schaw.
Shaw, *to shew.*
Shawl, *shallow.*
Shawps, *empty husks of pease, and the like.*
Sheen, *clear, shining.*
Sheel *or* sheiling, *a hut among the mountains.*
Shill, *shrill.*
Shire, *clear, thin, clever.*
Shog, *a shock, to shake.*
Shool, *a shovel.*
Shoon, *shoes.*
Shore, *to offer, to threaten.*
Sib, *a-kin.*

Sic, sik *or* siken, *such.*
Sicker, *sure, firm, secure.*
Sidelins, *sidelong, slanting.*
Sike, *an oozing rill, dry in summer.*
Sill, *the door threshold.*
Siller, *silver money.*
Simmer, *summer.*
Sin, *a son.*
Sin', *since.*
Sinder *or* sinner, *to separate, to part.*
Sendle, *seldom.*
Singit, *singed.*
Sin-syne, *since that time.*
Skaith, *see* scayth.
Skail, *to scatter.*
Skare, *a share.*
Skeigh, *skittish, proud, nice, high-mettled, shy.*
Skelp, *to strike, to travel smartly.*
Skiff, *to move smoothly away, a slight shower.*
Skink, *a kind of soup, to fill drink in a cup, to pour out of one dish into another, in order to cool.*
Skip, *to leap, to make a stone leap on the water, by a particular way of throwing it.*
Skirl, *to shriek or cry bitterly.*
Skipper, *the commander of a very small vessel.*
Sklent, *askant.*
Skowrie, *ragged, nasty, mean.*
Skreed, *see* screed.
Skybald, *a vile fellow.*
Skyte, *to toss about dirty water, to be hasty.*
Slade, *did slide, a machine without wheels drawn by horses.*
Slae, *a sloe, part of a weaver's loom.*
Slap, *a breach on a dyke or wall.*
Slavering, *drivelling, an insignificant fellow.*
Slaw, *slow.*
Slee, *sly.*
Sleekit, *sleek, sly, artful and cunning, smooth.*
Slerg, *to bedaub.*
Sliddery, *smooth, slippy, cunning, not to be depended on.*
Slock *or* slocken, *to quench thirst, to put out fire.*
Slonk, *a mire.*

Slough, *a husk, a deep miry place, a rut.*

Slype, *a mean fellow, to fall over.*

Sma', *small.*

Smaik, *a pitiful fellow.*

Smeddum, *mettle, sense.*

Smiddy *or* smithy, *a smith's workshop.*

Smore *or* smoor, *to smother, a thick dust, a crowd raising dust.*

Smytrie, *a collection of insignificant things.*

Snack, *nimble, a hasty mouthful.*

Snash, *abusive language.*

Snaw, *snow.*

Sned, *to cut, to lop.*

Sneeshin, *snuff.*

Sneg, *to cut violently.*

Snell, *sharp, biting, ill-natured.*

Snib, *to cut short, to stop impertinence.*

Snibbal, *a cross piece of stick twisted into one end of a rope, and to be passed through an eye in the other, and turned half about, which fixes the continuity of the two ends.*

Snick *or* sneck, *a latch, contriving.*

Snod, *neat, handsome, tight.*

Snifter, *to breathe through the nose loaded with a cold and rheum.*

Snood, *a fillet for tying up a young woman's hair.*

Snool, *a silly dispirited fellow.*

Snoove, *to whirl softly round.*

Snowk *or* snoak, *to smell libidinously.*

Snurl, *thread entangled, to get into a scrape.*

Sod, *a thick turf.*

Sods, *a saddle stuffed with straw, hanging low on the horse's sides to ease the burden.*

Sonsy, *lucky, jolly, sweet looking.*

Soom, *to swim, a particular number of sheep or black cattle, the air, bag of a fish.*

Sooth, *truth.*

Sorn, *to sponge, to swindle.*

Soss, *dog's meat, the noise a soft heavy thing makes when it falls on the ground.*

Sowt, *to stop suddenly like a plough by a rock.*

Sough *or* souch, *the soft whispering noise of the wind among trees, or of one sleeping calmly,* to sough, *to hum a tune, also the distant sound of water.*

Souple, *swift, flexible.*

Souter, *a shoemaker.*

Sowp, *a spoonful, a small quantity.*

Sowens, *flummery.*

Sowm *see* soom.

Sowther, *to solder.*

Sowth, *see* sough,

Sowpit, *soaked, steeped.*

Spae, *to foretell or divine.*

Spairge, *to dash.*

Spaine *or* spean, *to wean.*

Spait, *a flood, an inundation after snow or rain.*

Spak, *did speak.*

Spaldings, *small dried fish.*

Spang, *a jump, to move nimbly about.*

Spaul, *a limb.*

Speal *or* speel, *to climb.*

Speer *or* speir, *to ask, to enquire.*

Spelder, *to draw asunder, to split, to stretch.*

Spence, *the apartment where provisions are kept, sometimes the country parlour.*

Spier, *pride.*

Spluichan, *a pouch for tobacco.*

Spoolie *or* spulzie, *spoil, plunder.*

Spraings, *stripes of different colours.*

Spring, *a quick tune on an instrument, a reel.*

Sprit, *a coarse hard grass.*

Sprush, *spruce.*

Spunk, *fire, mettle, wit, tinder.*

Spunkie, *spirited, a name for will o' wisp.*

Spung, *a purse.*

Spurtle, *a flat stick for stirring pottage, or for turning cakes on the gridiron.*

Squeel, *to scream.*

Stacher, *to stagger as with drink.*

Stack, *a rick of corn.*

Stang, *did sting, sting or pole; to ride the stang, a summary punishment inflicted on men who beat their wives, by carrying them about, riding on the sharp edge of a deal.*

Stalwart, *strong and valiant.*
Staig, *a horse of a year old, to walk about indolently.*
Stane, *a stone.*
Stank, *stunk, a pool of standing water, or rather a deep ditch, with little declivity.*
Stap, *stop, a step, the stave in a cask or dish.*
Stark, *stout, entirely, as stark mad, stark naked.*
Starn, *a star, a small quantity.*
Staumrel, *one half-witted.*
Staw, *did steal.*
Stay *or* staie, *steep.*
Steek, steik *or* stike, *to shut close, a stitch.*
Steir *or* steer, *to molest, to stir, an ox.*
Stigh *or* stech, *to cram.*
Steive, *strong, firm, compacted.*
Stell, *a still.*
Sten *or* stend, *to move with a quick long pace, to leap like a flea.*
Stent, *to stretch, to tax, to require so much work in a given time, as in spinning; tight.*
Stint *to confine, to limit.*
Stirk, *black cattle of a year old.*
Stock, *a plant of cabbage or the like.*
Stoit, *to walk carelessly or staggering*
Stoon, *a particular kind of pain.*
Stoor *or* sture, *coarse, austere, harsh, strong.*
Stot, *to rebound, an ox.*
Stou, *to cut or crop, a large piece.*
Stoun *or* stound, *see* stoon.
Stoup, *a timber dish, a handle.*
Stour, *dust in motion, to do any thing briskly.*
Stown, *stolen.*
Stowth, *stealth.*
Strack, *struck.*
Strae, *straw.*
Straik, *to stroke.*
Strappin, *tall, handsome.*
Straught, *straight.*
Strath, *a large plain along a river.*
Streak, struk *or* streck, *to stretch.*
Strinkle, *to sprinkle, to strew.*
Studdy *or* stithy, *an anvil.*

Stroot *or* strute, *stuffed, crammed, full.*
Strunt, *a pet, a fit of ill nature, small beer.*
Sture, *see* stoor.
Sturt, *to take offence, trouble, molest.*
Stym, *seeing a thing with difficulty, if at all.*
Sugh, *see* sough.
Suddle, *to dirty.*
Sump, *a sudden heavy shower.*
Sumph, *a cross blockhead*
Sunkats, *something.*
Swaird, *the surface of the grass, the breadth one takes before them when cutting with a scythe.*
Swack, *to throw with force, tight, active.*
Swap, *to exchange.*
Swank, *stately, jolly,*
Swankie, *a clever young fellow.*
Swarf, *to swoon.*
Swat, *did sweat.*
Swatch, *a sample.*
Swats, *small beer.*
Sweer, *lazy, averse.*
Sweeties, *confections.*
Swinge, *to beat, to strike.*
Swingean, *very large.*
Swirl, *an eddying blast or pool, a knot in wood.*
Swirly, *blustering weather, full of knots.*
Swith, *quickly.*
Swither, *to hesitate.*
Syne, *afterwards, then, since.*
Syte *or* site, *anxious, care, sorrow.*

T

Tae, *toe, the one.*
Taid, *a toad, a term of contempt* --nasty taid.
Tak, *to take.*
Tane, *the one taken.*
Taiken, *token, risk or hazard.*
Tap, *the top, the head, flax put upon the distaff or rock, any thing excellent.*
Tappit hen, *a hen with a tuft of feathers on her head, the Scots quart measure.*
Tappitless, *headless, thoughtless, foolish.*

Tangs, *the tongs.*
Tarrow, *to murmur at, to refuse from peevishness what we would wish to have, especially applied to children and their victuals.*
Tass, tassy, *a little dram cup.*
Tartan, *cross striped cloth of various colours.*
Tate, *a small quantity of wool, hair, or the like.*
Tauld, *told.*
Taupie, *a thoughtless young person.*
Tauted, tautie, *matted together as hair wool.*
Taw, *the slender roots attached to the potatoe, a game among children.*
Ted, *to spread, to scatter about.*
Teem, *toom, empty.*
Tent, *heed, attention.*
Tentie, *carefully cautious.*
Tentless, *heedless.*
Teugh, *tough.*
Thack, *thatch.*
Therms, *the small guts, fiddle strings.*
Thae, *those.*
Thawless, *see* thowless.
Thike, *to thatch.*
Thick, *intimate.*
Thir, *these,*
Thirl, *to thrill,*
Thole, *to endure.*
Thow, *a thaw, to thaw.*
Thowless, *slack lazy, indifferent, the same with* thawless, *rather* Thewless, *from.*
Thews, *manners, qualities, dispositions.*
Thrawart, *frozward, cross.*
Thraw, *to twist, to sprain, to contradict.*
Thrawn, *twisted, habitually ill-natured.*
Threep *or* threap, *to maintain an opinion merely by obstinate assertion.*
Throosh, *did thresh.*
Thud, *a sudden blast or blow, or the sound of these,*
Tid, *an affront.*
Tift, *good order, health, a draught of any thing.*
Tike *or* tyke, *a dog.*

Tine, *to loose, the tooth of a harrow.*
Tinkler, *a tinker, familiarly a frolicksome free young person.*
Tint, *lost.*
Tirl, *to make a slight noise at a door, or window, sometimes as has been preconcerted, to rap at the door.*
Tither, *the other.*
Tirl *or* tirr, *to uncover hastily or violently.*
Tittle, *to whisper, to carry idle stories.*
Tittlen, *a small bird which is said to follow the cuckoo--carrying idle news and stories.*
Tetty, *a sister.*
Tocher, *a marriage portion.*
Tod, *a fox.*
Todle, *to run or walk, tottering like a child.*
Tooly *or* toulzie, *a quarrel or fight.*
Toom, *empty--see* teem.
Tosh, *tight, neat and clean.*
Touse *or* touzle, *to rumple to tease.*
Toun, *a farm house, a hamlet.*
Tout *or* toot, *to sound a horn, a full draught of any thing, ill-humour or pet.*
Touts, *sudden ill-humour, pet.*
Tow, *a rope.*
Touzie, *rough, shaggy,*
Toy, *the linen head dress of an old woman.*
Toyte, toit *or* tout, *a sudden fit of ill-humour.*
Trewes, *the breeches and stockings in one.*
Trig, *spruce, neat, handsome.*
Troke, *barter.*
True, *to mislead.*
Truncher *or* trencher, *a wooden plate.*
Tryst, *appointment.*
Tsill, *a child.*
Tug, *a raw undressed skin, to pull by jirks.*
Turn, *a speedy job.*
Turse, *a large bundle, an unwieldly person.*
Twa, *two*--twa-three, *a few.*
Twin, *to part with, to be deprived of.*
Tweech, *to touch.*

Tydie, *neat, plump, lucky, a cow with young.*
Tyke, *a dog, a cur.*
Tyst, *to entice, to allure, stir up.*

U

Ugg, *to loath, nauseate, detest.*
Ugsome, *hateful, nauseous, horrible.*
Umwhile, *the late.*
Unco, *strange, very, very great, prodigious.*
Uncoes, *news.*
Undocht *or* wandocht, *a silly weak person.*
Ungeard, *not clad, not harnessed.*
Uneith, *uneasy.*
Unlooesome, *not lovely.*
Unken'd, *unknown.*
Upwith, *an ascent, issue.*

V

Vaig *or* veaug, *a vile, idle, disorderly person.*
Vaunty, *boasting, vain.*
Veem, *a close heat in a calm evening, great over the body, with redness in the face and some perspiration.*
Vincush, *to vanquish.*
Voggy, voky *or* veouky, *happy, elevated beyond the ordinary bounds of discretion.*
Voust, *brag, boast unnecessarily,*

W

Wa', *wall.*
Wabster, *a weaver.*
Wad, *would, a bet, a pledge.*
Wadna, *would not.*
Waefu', *woeful, pitiful.*
Waesucks, *the same as* alas, *woes me.*
Waifu, waisome, *wailing, woful.*
Wail *or* wale, *to choose, to pick, choice.*
Waft, *the woof.*
Wair *or* ware, *to expend, to lay out, to bestow.*
Waff, *wandering, unnoticed, not respected.*
Wak, *wet, moist.*
Wakrie *or,* wakerife, *wakeful, restless.*
Walie, *ample, large, jolly--an interjection.*
Walladay, *an interjection, alas!*
Wallidrag, *a dirty outcast.*

Wame, *the belly.*
Wamefu', *a bellyful.*
Wamle, *to have sickness in the stomach and noisy motion in the bowels.*
Wan, *preceding and joined to words, the same as* un *or without, as* wan-grace, wan-case,
Wan, *a pale sickly look, a small switch.*
Wap, *a sudden jirk or motion, a stroke.*
War, *the spring, worse.*
Warkloom, *a tool.*
Warl, *world.*
Warlock, *a wizzard.*
Wastry, *prodigality.*
Wat, *or* wit, *or* wite, *or* wist, *to know.*
Wauble, *to give way easily, leaning this and that way.*
Wauk, *to thicken cloth, to walk, to be awake.*
Waught, *a large draught.*
Waurt, *worsted.*
Wee, *little.*
Weird, *destiny.*
Wean *or* weanie, *a child, a wee ane.*
Ween, *imagined.*
Weer, *to drive beasts without appearing to do so.*
Weir, *war, a place to catch fish.*
Weit *or* weet, *rain, wetness.*
We'se, *we shall.*
Wersh, *insipid, without salt.*
Westlin, *western.*
Wha, *who*—whase, *whose*—whare, *where.*
Whang, *a thong, a large piece of any thing.*
Whauk, *to whip, to flog.*
Whid, *to fly, or run abruptly, a trifling lie.*
Whilk, *which.*
Wheely, *to wheedle, to cheat.*
Whingeing, *whining.*
Whins, *furze.*
Whisht, *hush.*
Whisk, *to pull out hastily, to sweep, to lash.*
Whitter, *to run nimbly, a small quantity.*
Whomilt, *or* whamelt, *a dish turned upside down.*

Wi', *with.*
Wiel, *a whirlpool.*
Wimple, *to meander.*
Win *or* won, *to dwell, to reside.*
Winna, *will not.*
Winnock, *a window.*
Winsome, *an agreeable woman, valuable, to be boasted of.*
Wirrykow, *a bugbear.*
Withershins, *motion against the sun.*
Wizzent *or* wissent, *parched, dry, withered.*
Woo, *wool, to court.*
Wood, *mad.*
Woody, *what goes round the ox's neck to confine the yoke, hence the gallows, or rather the rope.*
Wrath *or* wreith, *a spirit, an apparition.*
Wordy, *worthy.*
Wreath *or* wraith, *a heap of drifted snow.*
Wylie, *cunning.*
Wyse, *see* weer.
Wyson *or* wizzen, *the gullet.*
Wyte *or* wite, *to blame.*

Y

Yaip *or* yape, *eagerly hungry,*
Yairn, *thread, to desire.*
Yealing *or* eeling, *born in the same year.*
Yamer, *to cry sillily.*
Yealtou, *yea wilt thou.*
Yed, *to contend.*
Yell, *barren, without milk.*
Yesk *or* yisk, *the hiccup.*
Yerd, *the earth.*
Yett, *a gate.*
Yestreen, *last night.*
Yied, *went.*
Yoir *or* yair, *ready.*
Yaudith, *youthfulness.*
Yowden, *wearied.*
Yowdendrift, *a storm with driving snow.*
Yowl, *to howl.*
Yowf *or* yumph, *a blow.*
Yuke, *the itch.*
Yukie, *itchie.*
Yule, *Christmas.*

[J. YOUNG, PRINTER, INVERNESS.]

This book is DUE on the last
date stamped below.

10M-11-50 (2555) 470 REMINGTON RAND INC. 20

AL LIBRARY FACILITY
76 157 7

PR
4508
C832A17
1804

Couper -
Poetry chiefly
in the Scottish
language

PR
4508
C832A17
1804